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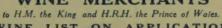


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Next week's EVE (April 23) is the last number from which the pictures can be chosen.

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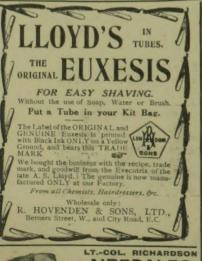
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A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

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With the Ciné-Kodak it's as easy as taking Snapshots

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The Ciné-Kodak has triumphantly overcome all the difficulties that have hitherto stood in the way of motion photography by amateurs. A child can operate it, so perfect and "fool-proof" is its mechanism; and as it weighs but a few pounds, and folds up into a small compass, you can easily carry it about with you.

"You turn the handle, we do the rest." When you have taken your reel of pictures, all you have to do is to send it to Kodak Ltd. (either direct or through your dealer), whose experts promptly develop it, reverse it to a positive, and return it to you ready to be shown on the screen through your projector-the Kodascope.

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taking motion pictures with your Ciné-Kodak actually costs you no more than ordinary photography. Only Safety Film (non-inflammable) is supplied, so that it can be "screened" without the necessity of taking any precautions. The Kodascope, which is your projector, is just as simple in operation as the Ciné-Kodak. At a distance of 18 ft. from the screen it gives you a clear and brilliant picture measuring 40 by 30 inches.

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School Authorities Sports Clubs Country House Owners Advertisers Engineers: Institutions Estate Agents Etc., etc.

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Johnnie Walker

Shakespeare's plays.

"We have no city gates nowadays, but the law shuts the houses of refreshment at a set hour."

Shade of Falstaff: "They did these things better in my day."

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1924.

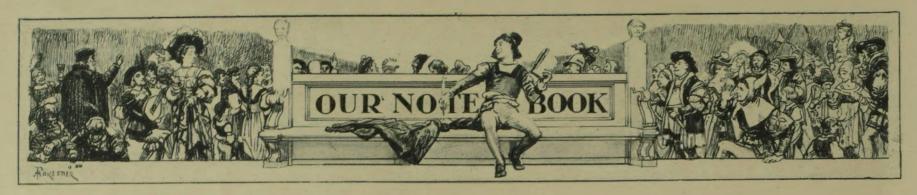
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WITH PEAR-SHAPED PEARL DROPS TO FINISH HER BRAIDED PLAITS OF HAIR AND ADORN HER HEAD-DRESS: H.M. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Her Majesty Queen Marie of Roumania, who is expected to arrive in England on May 12, with her royal husband, on a state visit to this country, is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and a grand-daughter

of Queen Victoria. She is one of the most picturesque of royalties, and is shown in our photograph in a costume she wore at a ball at the British Legation.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Party System was founded on one national notion of fair play. It was the notion that folly and futility should be fairly divided between both sides. It was not sportsmanlike that one side should have a rich accumulation of rubbish, while the other was left with nothing but the bare truth. It was not fair play that one combatant should be clad in a shining armour of shams and lies, while the other was handicapped by the nakedness of truth. The game could not be played properly unless the various pieces of nonsense and hypocrisy were most carefully and equitably distributed. There must be no corner in claptrap, no arrogant privilege of absurdity. Each competitor carried weights of about the same degree of gravity and inconvenience; each was loaded with some leaden stupidity or other which he was for-

bidden to drop. To drop it would be to gain an unfair advantage over an opponent still chivalrously staggering under his own lump of silliness. Thus it will be noted that these dead weights seldom have anything to do with the original ideals or aims of the two combatants. Thus the Tory or traditionalist had to profess to the last a perfectly meaningless and morbid hatred of Catholic and agricultural Ireland. Thus the Liberal or champion of liberty had to make an exception in favour of a superstitious and savage taboo against popular drinks like beer. It was not so much that he thought it fair to deprive the people of the popular drink as that he thought it unfair to deprive the Tory of the popularity. It was one of the Tory's recognised perquisites that he should have as much of the support of the public as he could get from the support of the public-house. In the same way, the Tory squire felt it would be a trick unworthy of a gentleman to go in for such a dishing of the Whigs as a decent treatment of the Irish. It was his duty as a good fellow to go on governing badly and give his critics a chance. This may seem a rather extraordinary arrangement; but it really was something like the arrangement between the two parties.

That was the superficial or sporting character of the Party system—a thing of the same kind as the Dark Blue and Light Blue passions aroused at the Boat-Race. But now that the formal structure of the two-party system has been thrown out of balance and superseded, it becomes an intensely interesting matter to note whether anything like a real principle had existed behind it or has remained after it. And it must be said in fairness that there was a deeper sort of difference and that it really has remained. Just as there are real differences between shades of blue, though they are both blue, or real differences between Oxford and Cambridge, though they are both genteel playgrounds, there was, after all, something behind the attitude of the Tory to his opponent, whether Liberal or Labour. It is rather interesting, and might be stated somewhat thus.

The whole modern world has divided itself into Conservatives and Progressives. The business of Progressives is to go on making mistakes. The business of the Conservatives is to prevent the mistakes being corrected. Even when the revolutionist might himself repent of his revolution, the traditionalist is already defending it as part of his tradition. Thus we have the two great types—the advanced person who rushes us into ruin, and the retrospective person who admires the ruins. He admires them especially by moonlight, not to say moonshine. Each new blunder of the progressive or prig becomes

instantly a legend of immemorial antiquity for the snob. This is called the balance, or mutual check, in our Constitution.

In history the whole business of the Tories was to defend the actions of the Whigs. An old Unionist orating about Ulster would probably be surprised to be called a revolutionist. Yet even by his own account he would be taking his stand on the principles of the Revolution—meaning the Revolution of 1688. In short, the Tory of two or three years ago only existed in order to defend what the Tory of two hundred years ago was trying to prevent. And as it was with the Whig Revolution, so it has been exactly with the Industrial Revolution. When the



EXPECTED TO REACH THIS COUNTRY ON MAY 12, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS QUEEN: KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.

His Majesty King Ferdinand of Roumania and the Queen of Roumania left Bucharest on April 9 for Paris, and are expected to pay a State visit to this country, arriving on May 12. Their Majesties have two sons—the Crown Prince, who married Princess Helen of Greece in 1921; and Prince Nicholas, who was educated at Eton—and three daughters, the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, the ex-Queen of Greece, and Princess Ileana. It will be remembered that the King and Queen of Roumania had arranged to visit Spain, after France, but that at the last moment their plans were changed, and that this caused a good deal of discussion.

Conservative or Constitutionalist stands up to defend Capitalism he is defending the deplorable result of the very latest blunder of the Radicals. It was the Radicals who made the Industrial Revolution, with its sweating and its slums, its millionaires and millions of wage-slaves. But as soon as the Progressive has done this happy thing, it instantly becomes the duty of the Conservative to prevent it from being undone. Capitalism is simply the chaos following on the failure of mere Individualism. But those very traditionalists who never fell into the error of

Individualism at all are forbidden to point out that Individualism has failed. The Manchester policy has been accepted so abjectly as something that succeeded that its conquered enemies did not even dare to see that it had failed. It becomes the duty of the Tory to defend the Radical triumph even when it ends in defeat. Rather in the same way, it is incredible but true that some people still go on talking about German efficiency, though they have staring them in the face exactly what it was that the Germans effected. So the respectable person considers it a sort of Bolshevism to talk about the collapse of Capitalism. But if Bolshevism were to blow up the whole City with dynamite, hurling the cross of St. Paul across the Thames and sending the Monument flying beyond

the hills of Highgate, it would then become the duty of the respectable Conservative to conserve these fragments in the precise places where they had fallen, and to resist any revolutionary attempt to put them back in their proper place.

Now if there is one thing more than another of which I am convinced, it is that what we want is to put things in the right place, however long they have been in the wrong place. I am convinced that the curse of the last two or three centuries has always fallen in this fashion and followed this course. It has always happened that impatient people precipitated the Deluge; and then custom and caution froze it into a sort of permanent Ice Age and endless Arctic Circle. It always happened that men moved when they might have stood still; and then immediately stood still when they really ought to have moved. The spirit of innovation always went far enough to get into a mess; and then the spirit of stability returned incongruously and told them to remain in the mess. Something of the sort may be noted, for the hundredth time, in the curious deadlock that seems to exist in Bolshevist Russia—or rather, in the Russia that is supposed to be Bolshevist. It looks as if Russia might remain for an indefinite time in the queer congested compromise of decayed Communism and alien Capitalism, and servile or conscript labour and defiant peasant proprietorship, into which indescribable patchwork that society has settled down after the Revolution. It has had the energy to jump into the fire and not the energy to jump out again. It may be a little more comfortable, but hardly more comprehensible, because the fire itself now largely consists of ashes. But it is not only in Russia that everything is choked up with the ashes of burnt-out things. In a less conspicuously chaotic fashion, the same is true of the recent history of the more orderly civilisation of the West. There also a lumber of dead revolutions lies like a load on top of us. There also we are oppressed with old novelties. It would be all right if the innovators really had new ideas they had adopted recently, and the traditionalists really had old ideas that they treasured still. But the reactionary is only clinging to revolutions of which even the

revolutionist is weary. He is merely a man one generation behind in the general disillusion about the last discovery. The only sort of reform proposed is one which Conservatives will treat as a convention as soon as it is established; and which reformers are already treating as a convention even before it is established. It is true in a sense to say that things will be worse before they are better. But it is truer still to say that we shall have to go even further back before we can get any further forward.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

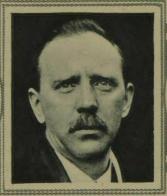
In this issue we present our readers with further examples of "Anaglyphs," which may be seen in full stereoscopic relief when looked at through a mask fitted with a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye. Readers who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon printed on page 724 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. We draw attention to the fact that the red and green masks issued to audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre, to witness the remarkable "Shadowgraph" Illusion in "London Calling," are suitable also for viewing "OUR Anaglyphs" published in "The Illustrated London News," provided that the mask is reversed—red to left eye, green to right eye.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARRATT, VAMDYK, MAULL AND FOX, HENRI MANUEL (PARIS), AND TOPICAL.



MASTER OF BALLIOL 8 YEARS: THE LATE DR. A. L. SMITH.



NEW SECRETARY OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION: MR. A. I. COOK.



FISTICUFFS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN, M.P.



FISTICUFFS IN THE COM-MONS: MR. L. S. AMERY,



A NOTED INDIAN FRONTIER OFFICIAL RETIRING: JOHN MAFFEY.





GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL "COLOSSUS" DEAD: THE LATE HERR HUGO STINNES.



THE SECOND EXPERTS COMMITTEE OF THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION: (L. TO R.) M. JANSSEN (BELGIUM); MR. H. M. ROBINSON (U.S.A.); MR. R. McKENNA (GREAT BRITAIN, CHAIRMAN); M. ATTHALIN (FRANCE); AND SIGNOR ALBERTI (ITALY).



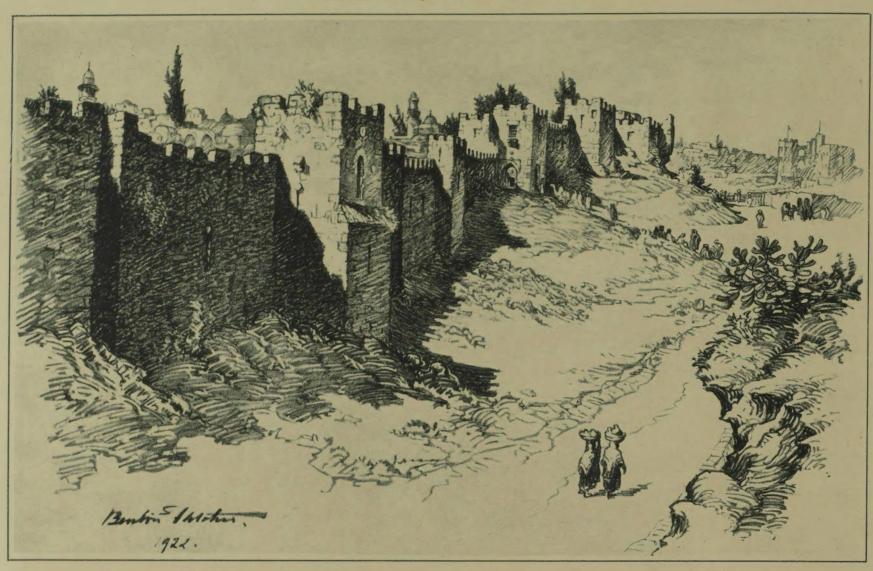
APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF MALTA: GENERAL SIR WALTER N. CONGREVE,

Dr. A. L. Smith became Master of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1916. Among his other historical works is "Church and State in the Middle Ages." Mr. A. J. Cook, of South Wales, succeeds Mr. Frank Hodges as Secretary of the Miners' Federation. -- Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P. (Unionist), ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. C. Buchanan, M.P. (Labour), came to blows in the House of Commons on April 9 after a heated debate on evictions. The next day the Speaker referred to the incident, and both Members expressed their regrets. Sir John Maffey has for three years been Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province of India. Last year he organised the rescue, by Mrs. Starr, of Miss Mollie Ellis, abducted by the Kohat gang. — The Reparations Commission on April 13 received the Reports of its two Committees of Experts,

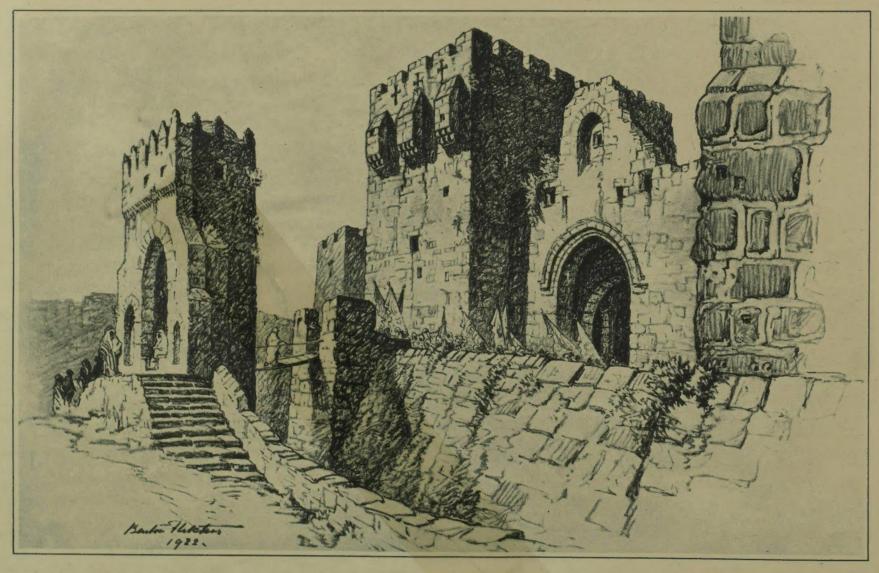
the first (presided over by General Charles G. Dawes, U.S.A.) on the financial rehabilitation of Germany, and the second (with Mr. Reginald McKenna as Chairman) on the export of German capital. The Commission approved both Reports and undertook to recommend them to the Allied Governments on receiving Germany's concurrence. The second Committee's Report was presented by Mr. H. M. Robinson, as Mr. McKenna was unable to attend. --- Herr Hugo Stinnes, who died in Berlin on April 10, after two operations, was born in 1870, the son of a coalowner and shipper. He founded his own firm when he was twenty-three, and gradually developed vast enterprises. -- Sir Walter Congreve commanded two Army Corps in the Great War. He won the V.C. at Colenso in the South African War. Last year he was appointed to the Southern Command.

THE GOAL OF EASTER DEVOTION: JERUSALEM-ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

DRAWINGS BY MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER.



SHOWING HEROD'S GATE, OR THE GATE OF FLOWERS (CENTRE) AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORMERLY THE GERMAN HOSPICE (RIGHT BACKGROUND): THE NORTH WALL OF JERUSALEM, ENCLOSING THE MUSLIM QUARTER.



"A STRONG MOUNTAIN FORTRESS": THE GATE AND DRAWBRIDGE (LEFT) LEADING TO THE CITADEL OF JERUSALEM, TURKISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE WAR—(ON THE RIGHT) THE BASE OF THE GREAT TOWER OF DAVID, PROBABLY BUILT BY HEROD THE GREAT.

"The walls of Jerusalem," writes Mr. Lionel Cust, "still surround the original city as they did under Herod in the days of Jesus Christ, and in the days of Hezekiah and of Solomon. Major Fletcher's (upper) drawing shows the wall on the north side, of the city, enclosing the Muslim quarter. In the centre is seen the gate known as Herod's Gate, which the natives call the Gate of Flowers. On the right in the background is the large modern German building, built as a hospice, but now occupied by the Government of Jerusalem. These walls date from the time of Herod the Great.—Jerusalem is, and always has been, a strong mountain

fortress. Within the city is seen the entrance to the fortress by the gate and drawbridge, as shown in Major Fletcher's (lower) drawing. On the right is the base of the Great Tower of David, probably the tower known as Phasælus, built by Herod the Great. The Turks used the Citadel as a fortress, and during the late war it was the headquarters of Djemal Pasha. It has been one of the duties of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, under the guidance of the Governor and the Civic Adviser, to clear out the ruins and make the Citadel and its ramparts available for use again."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Cenada.]

THE HOLY LAND FROM THE AIR: JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ALAN J. COBHAM; TAKEN FROM A DE HAVILLAND AEROPLANE.



THE CENTRE OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AT EASTER: JERUSALEM—A WONDERFUL AIR VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY AND THE HILLS BEYOND—SHOWING (NEAR THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE GREAT MOSQUE KNOWN AS THE DOME OF THE ROCK.



INCLUDING THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY: A REMARKABLE AIR VIEW OF BETHLEHEM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JESUS CHRIST, AND FORMERLY THE HOME OF KING DAVID, GROWN IN LATER TIMES INTO A TOWN OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE.

The illustrations of Jerusalem on this and the opposite page are given as being especially appropriate at this season of Easter. The unique air views of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, reproduced above, were taken by Mr. Alan J. Cobham during his 12,000-mile flying tour in Europe, Africa, and Asia, when he also took the air photographs of ancient Egyptian monuments published in our issues of December 28 and January 5 last. Apart from ""gious associations, archæological interest in Jerusalem has recently been intensified through the discovery, by the Jewish Exploration Society, of the Tomb of "Jehoshaphat, dating from the third

or fourth century B.C., near the so-called Tomb of Absalom and the Tomb of St. James. The two air photographs were not accompanied by any details of the buildings shown in them, but in that of Jerusalem it is possible to recognise, on the right, the famous Dome of the Rock, said to have been built about 691 A.D. Bethlehem was only a small place until the Christian period, when it began to attract pilgrims. Constantine erected a splendid basilica there in 330 A.D. The Arabs destroyed the town on the approach of the Crusaders, who rebuilt it. The large Church of the Nativity is built over the traditional birthplace of Christ.

"THE GRAND NAPOLEON OF THE REALMS OF RHYME": BYRON-THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH IN GREECE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, WILL F. TAYLOR (SUPPLIED BY UNDERWOOD PRESS SERVICE), TOPICAL, ALINARI, AND LOUGHTON (SOUTHWELL). THAT OF THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO BY COURTESY OF PROFESSON FEDERICO HALBHERE.



IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY AT HARROW: A SWORD OF HONOUR (IN FRONT) PRESENTED TO BYRON AT MISSOLONGHI - HIS SHEATH-KNIFE - AND A SWORD HE WORE DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN GREECE.



THE CHURCH OF HUCKNALL TORKARD, NOTTS.



BYRON'S FLASK AND TRAVELLING-CASE (ON LEFT
AT BACK) WITH ITS CONTENTS: RELICS IN
HARROW SCHOOL LIBRARY.



MARKED WITH LORD BYRON'S CORONET AND INITIAL: HIS TWO PAIRS OF PISTOLS AMONG THE RELICS/ OF HIS CAMPAIGN IN GREECE, NOW PRESERVED IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY AT HARROW.



WHERE BYRON LIVED (ON THE FIRST FLOOR) DURING HIS STAY IN VENICE, AND WROTE PART OF "DON JUAN": THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO, ON THE GRAND CANAL.



DEDICATED TO "THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY": A BUST OF BYRON, WITH A MEMORIAL TABLET BELOW, IN THE CHURCH OF HUCKNALL TORKARD.



WHERE BYRON SETTLED IN OCTOBER 1821, AND "LEIGH SIX CHILDREN, CAMPED ON CASA LANFRANCHI AT PISA. HUNT, WITH HIS WIFE AND THE GROUND FLOOR ": THE



ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE POET'S LIFE IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME: BYRON'S DRESSING-ROOM AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY



FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY BYRON WHEN HE WAS IN RESIDENCE AT HIS NOTTINGHAMSHIRE SEAT: HIS BED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OF BYRON'S EARLIEST LOVE AFFAIRS: THE TOP OF DIADEM HILL, ANNESLEY PARK, WHERE HE USED TO MEET MARY CHAWORTH.



SHOWING THE MONUMENT (ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ALTAR) TO BYRON'S DOG, AND RECORDING ITS "COURAGE WITHOUT FERCHTY":

PART OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



WHERE BYRON'S COMING-OF-AGE WAS CELEBRATED IN JANUARY 1809: NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE CLOISTERS AND FOUNTAIN, WITH QUAINT ANIMAL FIGURES.



WHERE BYRON PARTED FROM HIS COUSIN MARY CHAWORTH, WITH WHOM HE FELL IN LOVE AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN: THE ROOM CALLED THE "ORATORY" AT ANNESLEY HALL.

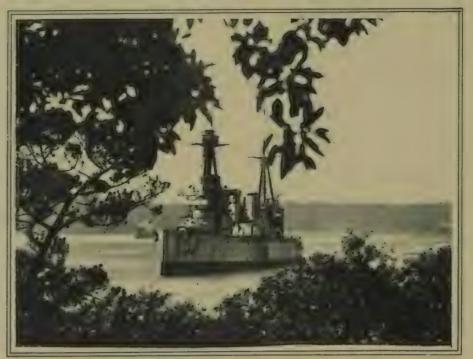
Next to Shakespeare, Byron undoubtedly possesses the greatest fame abroad of any English poet, and the centenary of his death, on April 19, 1824, at Missolonghi in Greece, whither he had gone to fight for Greek freedom against the Turks, has aroused an interest that extends throughout Europe. His reputation is personal and political, as well as poetic. In two long essays devoted to the centenary in the last two numbers of the "Observer," Mr. J. L., Garvin calls Byron "the public orator of his age." Byron was born on January 22, 1788. In 1816, after his separation from his wife, he left England, never to return, and spent the succeeding years in Italy. In sending us the above photograph of the Pausizo Lanfranchi at Pisa, Mas Dorothy Nevile Lees writes, from Florence: "Perhaps nowhere in this centenary year is the memory of the poet more vivid than here in Italy, where so many places are closely associated with him, so many scenes touched upon and commemorated in his Letter and Poems. From his first arrival in Covember 1816 until his final sailing away in July 1823, he travelled up and down the country, staying now here, now there, and enriching for us, by some word or phrase, almost every place he visited. 'Through Byron,' writes one of his biographers, 'Englishmen became interested in Italy.' . . . All through Byron's letters of this period, as well as his poems, are indications of what he saw and felt in this land of his adoption: the 'good apartments in a private house' which formed his first residence in Venice, to be followed later by the 'Palazzo Mocenigo on the Canal Grande for three years to come'; . . . the visits to 'Rome the wonderful'; the few hours in Florence, which he did not care for; the life in Ravenna . . . Later he decided, on the advice of Shelley, then living in Pisa, to remove thither, and did so in October 1821, settling down in the Palazzo Lanfranchi upon the Lung' Arno, opposite to the Tre Palazzi, where Shelley and Williams were established . . . One may still visit the Palace, now the city Archives, and see the ground-floor upon which Leigh Hunt, with his wife and many children, lived, the rooms above inhabited by Byron himself, and the little garden at the back, with their many memories of the small coterie so soon to be scattered-Shelley and Williams, Jane and Mary, Countess Guiccioli, Trelawny, Medwin, and the Hunts."

ALOUX COUNTRIES OF THE STATE OF

THE HARWICH-ZEEBRUGGE TRAIN-FERRY, TO BE FORMALLY OPENED BY PRINCE GEORGE: AN EXPERIMENTAL TRIP—LEAVING ZEEBRUGGE WITH 18 RED CROSS RAILWAY COACHES.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL NEWS BUDGET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., MANUEL (PARIS), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SINCE SUNK AT SEA OFF SYDNEY (UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY) WITH HER DECKS PILED WITH FLOWERS, AND 'FLYING THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG: H.M.A.S. "AUSTRALIA" RECENTLY LYING AT ANCHOR IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA HONOUR ROUMANIAN DEAD IN FRANCE: THE VAL DU PATRE MILITARY CEMETERY, WITH ALSATIAN GIRLS IN NATIONAL DRESS CARRYING FLOWERS.



WEARING A "CRASH HELMET" CAP: PRINCE HENRY ON LITTLE FAVOURITE GOING TO THE START OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINTS.



RUSSIAN SOVIET DELEGATES IN LONDON FOR THE CONFERENCE RECENTLY OPENED WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) KHIDYR ALIEFF (OF TURKESTAN), M. PREOBRAZHENSKY, M. TOMSKY, M. KONTUZOFF, AND M. SHVORNIK.

The Anglo-Belgian train ferry service between Harwich and Zeebrugge will be formally opened by Prince George at Harwich on April 24. On April 7, as an experimental trip, one of the three train-ferries brought to Harwich from Zeebrugge eighteen hospital railway coaches from Cologne. The train-ferries were used during the war between Richborough and Calais, and Southampton and Havre.——The famous Australian battle-cruiser, H.M.A.S. "Australia," was scuttled and sank twenty miles off Sydney Heads on April 12, under the "scrapping" provisions of the Washington Treaty. Her bridge and deck were piled with flowers, and



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT WEMBLEY, WHERE HE ADDRESSED A MASS MEETING OF WORKERS: MR. J., H. THOMAS (CENTRE) LEAVING THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, WITH GENERAL SIR TRAVERS CLARKE (LEFT).

aeroplanes dropped wreaths.—On their way to Paris the King and Queen of Roumania on April 9 visited the cemetery of the Val-du-Pâtre, in Alsace, where many Roumanian soldiers, who died while prisoners of war, are buried. Alsatian girls carried flowers, which the Queen placed on the graves.—Prince Henry, riding the Prince of Wales's Little Favourite, finished third in the Light-Weight Race at the Bar Point-to-Point meeting at Northaw, Herts, on April 12, after falling at the first fence the second time round.—The Anglo-Russian Conference opened at the Foreign Office on April 14.

IN EUROPE'S OLDEST AND SMALLEST STATE: AN INVESTITURE.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY M. EDMONDO ABBO.



INVESTING THEIR SUCCESSORS WITH THE OFFICIAL SCARVES: THE TWO CAPITANI REGGENTI (CAPTAINS - REGENT) OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO TRANSFERRING THEIR POWERS AFTER THEIR SIX MONTHS' TERM OF OFFICE.

The little independent Republic of San Marino, which claims to be the oldest State in Europe, has an area of 38 square miles, with a population of 13,000. The Government consists of an elected Council of sixty, and every six months two of them are appointed as Capitani Reggenti (Captains-Regent) with executive power. Our drawing illustrates a half-yearly investiture which has just taken place. "The Captains-Regent," writes the artist, "wore their gala costumes of black velvet, in Henry II. style, with swords. After a religious service in

the Cathedral the retiring and newly appointed Captains returned to the Government palace, and proceeded to the seat of authority, beneath a picture of San Marino. The Secretary for the Interior presented to the new Regents the Book of the Law and administered the Oath in Latin. They then made obeisance before their predecessors, who placed round their necks the scarves which are the badges of supreme authority, and gave place to them on the daïs. Thus ended the ceremony."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

THE literary event of the spring of 1922 was the publication of "Lord Byron's Correspondence," by Mr. John Murray. In these letters are many references to Lady Frances and James Wedderburn (or Webster). As these are my grandmother and grandfather, I think that it may be interesting, in this year of the Centenary of the poet, to give some further particulars.*

During the time Byron was staying at Aston Ifall, James Wedderburn's place, in 1813, his letters to Lady Melbourne have a considerable portion of them devoted to his great love for his hostess, Lady Frances Wedderburn. Later on he began his famous journal—undoubtedly, from what he says, to distract his thoughts. At the very beginning of the journal in November 1813, he says: "If this had been begun ten years ago and faithfully kept!!!—heigh ho—there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, as it is."

have remembered, as it is."

"The Bride of Abydos" was written in this same November. Moore, when referring to Lady Frances, says: "Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with 'The Bride,' were addressed to her." Burns's verse which I quote at the head of this article was Byron's own sub-title to the poem, which shows very clearly where his thoughts were running. My grandmother

at this time was twenty. In his journal, apropos the "Bride," he writes: "I believe the composition of it kept me alive—for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of

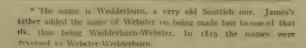
Dear Sacred name, rest ever unreveal'd.' "

Also in a letter to Lady Melbourne he says: "My mind has been in such a state of fermentation, that, as usual I have been obliged to empty it in rhyme." One cannot say of a man such as Lord Byron that any one person was the "love of his life," but I like to think that the love he felt for my grandmother was a greater one than he had for others.

Certainly, some of his writings about her in his journal and to Lady Melbourne ring more true than the descriptions of his emotions in many of his other affaires de cœur. The dénouement was not that which we were led

to expect from the general estimate of Byron's character before the publication of these letters. That Lady Frances was deeply in love with him, there can be no doubt. Apart from his own disclosures on the subject, I have seen a letter from her (in the possession of Mr. Murray) breathing deep adoration in every line, yet-their ultimate action will be seen in the following words to Lady Melbourne in one of his most pathetic letters: "One day, left entirely to ourselves, was nearly fatal. . . came to this-' I am entirely at your mercy. it. I give myself up to you. I am not cold—what-ever I seem to others; but I know that I cannot bear reflection hereafter. Do not imagine that these are mere words. I tell you the truth-now act as you will.' Was I wrong? I spared her. There was something so very peculiar in her manner-a kind of mild decision-no scene, not even a struggle; but still I know not what, that convinced me she was serious. It was not the mere 'no' which one has heard forty times before, and always with the same accent; but the tone, and the aspect she seemed so very thankful for my forbearanceproof, at least, that she was not playing the usual decorous reluctance. No . . . I love her. If I did not, and much too, I should have been more selfish on the occasion before mentioned. . . . In the meantime we are all as wretched as possible."

He says in another place: "It has changed my views, my wishes, my hopes, my everything, and will furnish you with additional proof of my weakness.





A MAN WHO (BYRON SUGGESTED) MIGHT "WANT TO CUT MY THROAT": JAMES WEBSTER-WEDDERBURN, HUSBAND OF THE LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN, WHOM BYRON LOVED.—[From a Miniature.]



THE MOTHER OF LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN:
THE COUNTESS OF MOUNTNORRIS.
From an Engraving by Robert Cooper.



INVOLVED IN AN INNOCENT LOVE AFFAIR WITH BYRON: LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN. From an Engraving by Robert Cooper.



"THE GREAT LOVER," WHO DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY: LORD BYRON—FROM A PORTRAIT BY R. WESTALL, R.A.

Byron, it may be recalled, died at Missolonghi on April 19, 1824.

From a Picture formerly in the possession of the late Baroness BurdettCoutts. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.

You, who know me in my weakness so well, will not be surprised when I say that I am totally absorbed in this passion, that I am ready to take flight if necessary. . . W. will probably want to cut my throat, which would not be a difficult task, for I trust I should not return the fire of a man I have injured, though I could not refuse him the pleasure of using me as a target." I think this shows Byron's state of mind, as, except in a state of emotional abandon, he would hardly have mixed up a cut throat with a pistol bullet! "I am very feverish, and silent, as indeed seems to be the tacit agreement of everyone else—in short, I can foresee nothing . . two, if not three, in great perplexity; and, as far as I can judge, so we must continue." "She . . . throws, or seems to throw herself so entirely upon my discretion in every respect, that it disarms me quite; but I am really wretched with perpetual conflict with myself . . what a cursed situation I have thrown myself into!"

A few days after this, in answer to a letter from Lady Melbourne approving his action, he says: "Your approbation of my Ethics on the subject, gratifies me much. When we are happy, we are too much occupied to be aware of its extent; it is only during the subsequent repose, the 'abandon,' that you can discover, even to yourself, if you were really loved. If your thoughts recur to your own exclusive situation, it is all over; but if still occupied by the other, I do not know whether the memory and the hope are not worth all the rest." Words

surely worthy of the great writer that Byron was.

As for the aescription of Lady Frances, Byron gives two-one before he was in love; the other after. The former is: "She is pretty, but not surpassing-too thin, and not very animated; goodtempered-and something interesting enough in her manner and figure; but not enough to think of her, nor anyone else, if left to my own cogitations, as I have no patience nor presumption to advance, till met half-way."

The latter is: "As far as I can pretend to judge of her disposition and character. I will say, of course, I am partial—she is, you know, very handsome, and very gentle, though sometimes decisive; fearfully romantic, and singularly warm in her affections; . . . not dashing, nor a desperate talker, but never—and I have watched in mixed con-

versations—saying a silly thing . . . good-tempered . . . seldom abusing other people . . . these qualifications, with an unassuming and sweet voice, and very soft manner, constitute the bust (all I can yet pretend to model of my present idol)." He also says: "She is a thorough 'devotce,' and takes prayers morning and evening, besides being measured for a new Bible once a quarter "—which is one of the witty remarks with which Byron's letters are strewn.

In these pages will be found two illustrations of her. I have a piece of her hair, very fine and silky, a pale auburn colour and long enough to sit upon. Unfortunately, Byron's letters to her were destroyed a subject into which I prefer not to enter further.

Byron stayed at Aston Hall off and on from the middle of September till the middle of October 1813. It was during this time, and up till the end of November, that the famous letters about the Wedderburns were written; he refers to her also in his letters to Moore, but much more guardedly and less emotionally than to Lady Melbourne; also his journal contains many references to the subject.

Besides "The Bride of Abydos," it is very probable that many of his miscellaneous poems were written to "F. W." On Sept. 27, 1813, he says: "Here's an 'impromptu' written last week, on being reproached for low spirits"; these are the lines—

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusk's shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well—
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
And droop within their silent cell.

"Continued on page 710

WHEN BYRON WAS A "DEVOUT LOVER": A CENTENARY REMINISCENCE.

FROM A PICTURE BY COSWAY.



SHOWING LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN (RIGHT), WHOM BYRON LOVED; WITH HER MOTHER (LADY MOUNTNORRIS, LEFT), HER SISTERS, LADY CATHERINE AND LADY JULIANA (KNEELING), AND HER BROTHER HENRY: THE MOUNTNORRIS FAMILY.

On the occasion of the centenary of Byron's death, which occurred at Missolonghi in Greece on April 19, 1824, we publish on page 688, an extremely interesting article by Maude Annesley, which for the first time brings together, from scattered allusions in letters, the story of Byron's love affair with her grandmother, Lady Frances Wedderburn. Lady Frances was the wife of James Webster-Wedderburn, and Byron was their guest at Aston Hall. Byron acted with unusual restraint, and there was no scandal. Of the above portrait-group the article says: "While Byron was at Aston Hall, Lady Catherine Annesley

was staying with her sister; she afterwards married Lord John Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort. The Cosway picture . . . is in the possession of the Somerset family. It depicts the Countess of Mountnorris (seated), Lady Catherine (standing) on her left, Lady Juliana (who afterwards married Mr. Bailey) at her mother's knee. Her son Henry and Lady Frances are standing at the right of the picture." . . . In one of his later latters Byron says: "Juliana (who was not yet 'out') will be very beautiful . . . she will prove the finest 'pearl of the spring'"—an allusion to her coming début.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

FASCISMO TO KEEP ROME'S 2677TH BIRTHDAY: RELICS OF ROMULUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ANDERSON AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST,



COVERING WHAT WAS BELIEVED TO BE THE TOMB OR CENOTAPH OF ROMULUS: THE LAPIS NIGER (BLACK STONE) AS FOUND IN THE DEEPEST STRATA OF THE FORUM AT ROME.



BEARING THE OLDEST KNOWN LATIN INSCRIPTION, TOO ARCHAIC TO BE DECIPHERABLE: THE FAMOUS CIPPUS, A TUFA STELE DATING PROBABLY FROM THE AGE OF THE ROMAN KINGS.



MODERN DESCENDANTS OF ROMULUS STILL LIVING IN THATCH HUTS LIKE THOSE OF THEIR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS: GOATHERDS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



RECONSTRUCTED ACCORDING TO EARLY REMAINS AND DESCRIPTIONS: THE "PALACE" OF ROMULUS—A TYPICAL ANCIENT ROMAN HUT BUILT ON THE PALATINE BY SENATOR BONI.



FOUND IN GRAVES OF ROMULEAN TIMES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME: INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF HAND-MADE LATIN POTTERY OF THE IRON AGE.



FASHIONED IN THE ACTUAL SHAPES OF LATIN HOUSES IN THE EARLY DAYS OF ROME: CLAY FUNERARY URNS FROM PREHISTORIC CEMETERIES ON THE ALBAN HILLS.

"After their victory in the recent Italian elections," writes Professor Halbherr, "the Fascist Government will celebrate on April 21—for the second time in its administration, but with peculiar solemnity—the traditional feast of the Palilia, in memory of the 2677th anniversary of the foundation of Rome. It was on this very day that, according to ancient Roman legend, in the year 753 B.C., the shepherd king Romulus traced round the Palatine, with his plough, the ditch or Pomerium of that early hut settlement, destined to become, by gradual incorporation with surrounding encampments, the kernel of the Eternal City. The first to enter into relations with the Palatine community seems to have been that

of the Quirinal. These two neighbouring hills were divided by the valley of the Forum, then a marshy depression with only a few dry places, occupied by an old necropolis. Romulus himself was buried there, according to a tradition accepted by Varro. Later on this narrow strip of land was adapted as the meeting and market-place of both communities, and also of the dwellers on the other hills, thus creating what became eventually the commercial and political centre of the synacism, and finally the Forum of Rome. The Palatine and Forum were ever regarded by the Romans, from the kingly and republican times till the end of the Empire, as the cradle of the Roman State and power. The early buildings, which [Continued opposite.]

THE FIRST STONES OF THE ETERNAL CITY: ROME'S OLDEST REMAINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ANDERSON AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHAOLOGIST.



WHERE THE CASA ROMULI, THE HUT OF THE SHEPHERD FAUSTULUS WHERE ROMULUS AND REMUS FOUND SHELTER, WAS PRESERVED TILL THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EARLIEST SURVIVING STONE BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT ROME-RELICS OF THE AGE OF KINGS ON THE CERMALUS, THE NORTHERN SUMMIT OF THE PALATINE.



WHERE, LEGEND TELLS, THE CRADLE WITH THE 4NFANT ROMULUS AND REMUS WAS WASHED ASHORE BY THE FLOOD: THE LUPERCAL (CAVE OF LUPERCUS) ON THE PALATINE: AND EARLY FORTIFICATIONS.



WHERE THE EARLY SETTLERS ON THE PALATINE BURIED THEIR DEAD, BEFORE AND DURING THE DAYS OF ROMULUS: THE SEPULCHRETUM, PREHISTORIC SHAFT TOMBS (16 TO 18 FEET DEEP) IN THE VALLEY OF THE FORUM.

supplanted the prehistoric dwellings of the Palatine, the walls, houses, and temples of Roma Quadrata, as also the earliest memorials of the Forum, were therefore held as sacred relics, and preserved even amid the drastic transformation of the city in Imperial times. The hut of the shepherd Faustulus, or Casa Romuli, kept in constant repair, was to be seen till the last years of the Empire on the Cermalus, the northern summit of the Palatine. Near it, in the rocky wall above the Velabrum, was the cave of the Faun Lupercus. This was the spot where, according to legend, the cradle containing the infant Romulus and Remus had been washed ashore by the flood. The memory of the tomb of Romulus, under

the Lapis Niger, or Black Stone, on the Forum, was also kept alive by the people, even after it had been entirely buried through the needs of traffic in Republican times. Modern surveys and excavations, chiefly the epoch-making works of Senator Boni, have not only confirmed many of the topographical data of tradition, but have brought to light from the deepest strata an unexpected quantity of primitive remains, and even of the pre-Romulean and prehistoric period of Latin civilisation. With the help of these remains we are now enabled to call up in our minds a picture of what life and culture was in the area of the Seven Hills, before and during the rise of Rome."

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ALL great historical crises leave behind them the corpses of a certain number of destroyed or ruined towns. In old days these victims of history disappeared; to-day they survive. Even from this point of view the World War did things on a grand scale. Among its victims must be numbered no less a one than Constantinople, the younger sister of Rome, the second among the great cities of Europe which has had the privilege of a double life-ancient and modern. This town, which entered into history in the year 330 of our era under the name of "New Rome," and which since then has always been one of the great political centres of the world, is about to enter upon a period of obscure decadence. It is not impossible that in a few years she may rightly be described, as she was many centuries ago by a poet during the dark time of the later Emperors, as "the frozen shadow of a former city."

Europe appears to have been very much surprised at the obstinate refusal of the Turks of Angora to return to their wonderful capital, after they had reconquered it from the Europeans at the price of a very hard campaign. This astonishment reached its height when the Caliphate was suppressed, as if that act had been the outcome of a revolutionary caprice of sceptical and Westernised Mussulmans. Are these two events as surprising and inexplicable as they appear to many persons?

Constantinople is the ideal metropolis of an Empire which bestrides Europe and Asia. That was one of the reasons why Constantine left Rome and installed himself on the Bosphorus. So long as the Empire was not seriously menaced either in the West or in the East, so long as the Western provinces developed peacefully and made a counter-weight to the old prosperous countries of the East, it was possible for the capital to remain in the place where it had been created-in Southern Italy. When the Empire was forced to defend itself on two flanks against the attacks of the Barbarians on the Rhine and the Danube, and against the Persians in the East, it became necessary to seek a less distant and more central position for the capital. Constantine had the gift of reading the Book of Destiny. Under all its varied régimes, alike under Christian Byzantine Emperors and under Turkish Sultans, Constantinople remained a great political centre, so long as its Government had to administer territories in Europe and in Asia. It is for this reason that the Turkish Empire showed so much obstinacy in defending its last European possessions. They were necessary to the Sultans if they were to remain in Constantinople as Caliphs and Sovereigns of a vast Empire.

By degrading Constantinople the Angoran Turks merely recognised officially an impossibility which already existed. The political rôle of Constantinople terminated with the Balkan War of 1912-1913, which took away the last European territories of the Turkish Empire. In 1912 Turkey became an Asiatic Empire, only retaining in Europe her capital and a narrow strip of land between her frontier and the sea. The want of balance between the head and the body was so great that it could not last. And now the World War has destroyed even the Asiatic Empire. Reduced to governing only the territory where they are the majority of the population, how could the Turks continue to maintain their capital at Constantinople?

The destruction of the Empire and the abandonment of Constantinople entailed as a consequence the abolition of the Caliphate. It is curious to observe how difficult it is for Europeans to understand exactly in what the Caliphate consists. The general belief is that the Caliph is the "Pope" of the Mussulmans. But the Caliph, although, like the Pope, an object of religious veneration on the part of true believers, is not at all the spiritual chief of their religion, the supreme authority in matters of liturgy, morals, and dogma. The Caliph has no real religious authority. Questions of dogma and ritual are much more simple in the Islamic than the Christian Churches, and are decided by the Mussulman priests and their councils. The Caliph is the "Commander of the Faithful"—that is to say. the military chief whose duty it is to defend the supreme interests of religion whether by diplomacy or by war, even outside the territories which belong to him as temporal sovereign. As this duty has a religious character, all Mussulmans, even those who are not politically under his jurisdiction, owe to the

Caliph the respect and veneration due to a sacred personage.

The Caliph is therefore a political and military authority with a religious mission, a soldier whose religion imposes upon him certain duties, in exchange for the sacred authority. That is why a Caliph, in order to be legitimate, must also possess political and military means of defending the interests of Islam—that is to say, he must be the chief of a State which possesses considerable power. The idea, with which some statesman have toyed, of creating a Caliph who should be under the influence of a great Christian Power, is a dream. A Mussulman Sovereign protected by a Christian Power will never be considered



"THE EMPTY SADDLE": THE CAVALRY CLUB WAR MEMORIAL—A STATUE BY HERBERT HASELTINE, ON A BASE BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A., THE DESIGNER OF THE CENOTAPH.

The upper half of this illustration, including the horse and the carved top of the pedestal, with the Roll of Honour in its niche, is given as a full-page in this number, with a descriptive note. (See page 693.)

By Courtesy of Mr. Herbert Haseltine.

a legitimate Caliph, even if he should fulfil all the other canonical requirements.

Since the break-up of the Turkish Empire there is no longer a Mussulman State of which the Chief can be a veritable Caliph. The Caliphate, like European monarchy, has disappeared in the World War. The Angoran Turks did not kill it; they limited themselves to drawing up its death certificate.

The decadence of Constantinople had, however, been preceded and prepared for by a long economic decadence. From her foundation Constantinople was what Rome had never been—an industrial centre, in the sense that those words had in the days of qualitative civilisation. In Rome, at the time of her Imperial splendour, there were many artisans, weavers, jewellers, perfumers, silversmiths, gilders, blacksmiths, decorators, painters, sculptors and carvers; but they worked for the rich men of the capital. Their products were not exported like those of the artisans of Alexandria, Antioch, Ephesus, and Carthage, or even of certain

towns of Gaul or of Northern Italy. Rome, the insatiable consumer, imported for her pleasures and luxuries objects which were made in all the provinces of the Empire; those she manufactured for herself did not suffice. Constantinople, on the contrary, was also a great centre of production and exportation of the luxury industries which were the flower of the old qualitative civilisation. From the very beginning many artisans were attracted there from all countries by the privileges accorded to immigrants, by the presence of a Court which was fabulously rich, and by State protection. Yet, though they were artificially imported, these industries prospered for centuries. The ground in the Hellenised East was most favourable.

Constantine had not only created a new capital, but a home for civilisation, of which the influence was destined to be long and deep. While Europe lay in the darkness of barbarism, Constantinople continued to perfect the handicrafts and arts of ancient civilisation so that she might one day transmit them to the Western World. What admiration her incessant activity excited throughout Europe! At the time of the Crusades, a celebrated traveller, Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, thus described the great city: "The concourse at Constantinople of a large number of merchants from all corners of the earth gives to that city the greatest animation. One meets there wholesale merchants from Babylon and Mesopotamia, from India and Persia, from Egypt and from Palestine, as well as from Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lombardy, and Spain. Only Bagdad, the metropolis of the Mussulmans, can be compared with Byzantium.'

If this activity was not encouraged, it was not suppressed by the Turkish conquest. Under the eyes of the Sultans, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Persians, all the hard-working and artistic Eastern races, continued the traditions of the old industry, which, though it produced little, produced objects of high artistic value, for it worked specially to embellish the world.

But when the nineteenth century dawned, and with it the era of quantitative civilisation, of rapid mechanical production, of the vulgarisation of models, the era of Smyrna carpets and Indian bronzes made in Bavaria, the Turkish Empire became one of the most important and the most disputed export markets for the manufacturing countries of Europe. The astute diplomatists of the Serail found in these commercial rivalries of Europe an arm with which to defend the integrity of their Empire, which was growing old, and was always menaced by Russia. The traditional industries of the East were given over to the competition of the new European industries, which were armed with machines and supported by powerful capital, organised to the last degree. Little by little, at Constantinople, as in Venice, the small shops where the hand of man had created such marvels were shut.

Our epoch seems to have left only a commercial future to Constantinople since the destruction of the Turkish Empire. By degrees, as Russia is reorganised, and the basin of the Black Sea is developed, the commercial importance of Constantinople should increase with the trade of the Straits. But the rôle of a commercial emporium is a very modest one for a city which for so many centuries was the capital of two empires and two religions, a centre of civilisation, and the school where Europe, fallen back into barbarism, recommenced her apprenticeship to culture.

There are sometimes curious coincidences in history. Constantinople was the cradle of monarchy in Europe. Constantine did not conceive the gigantic plan of giving to the Empire, as a new capital, a city without traditions and without a past, like so many which spring up to-day in Africa and America, merely in order the better to balance the unwieldy mass of the Empire. He also pursued a political aim. The slow evolution which transformed the half-republican, half-monarchical constitution of the Empire into an absolute monarchy, founded on hereditary principles, was completed under Constantine. He was the first Roman Emperor, since the attempt of Septimius Severus, who openly, and without any further effort to conciliate the old Roman aristocratic and republican principles, tried to solve the problem of authority which had disturbed the Roman Empire for a century, by establishing a hereditary dynasty on the Asiatic model. The idea of absolute power in the hands of a dynasty was not well received in Rome, in view of the gigantic memories of the past. To break this age-long tradition, a new

Continued on page 712.

"THE EMPTY SADDLE": A FINE MEMORIAL TO CAVALRYMEN...

By Courtesy of Mr. Herbert Haseltine.



TO HONOUR 272 MEMBERS OF THE CAVALRY CLUB WHO FELL IN THE WAR: "THE EMPTY SADDLE," BY HERBERT HASELTINE; ON A PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS AND CONTAINING A NICHE FOR THE BOOK OF NAMES.

This fine and appealing statue of a cavalryman's riderless charger is the work of the well-known sculptor, Mr. Herbert Haseltine, who is especially famous for his dramatic studies of horses, both in war and sport. He himself served with the American Army in the war, and his "Field Artillery" group has since been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. Describing the above work, he writes: "The base of the monument has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and the inscription in the front reads: 'In memory of the 272 members of the Cavalry Club who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918.' In a niche

carved in the base below the statue is a volume containing the names. On the front edge of the bronze base are the words, 'The Empty Saddle.' The bronze is being cast now, and I hope to have the whole thing complete and in its place at the Cavalry Club by the end of May. The riderless horse is being cast in bronze, and the base is made of black, grey, and white marble." Only the top part of the base, it may be noted, is shown in the above illustration. A smaller photograph of the whole monument, including the lower part of the pedestal, appears on page 692 in this number.





The World of the Theatre.



"HATS OFF", AND ADDITIONS TO SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE.

WISH I knew all the technical terms of a milliner to describe the modern ladies' hats, and to say what I think of them! Being a mere male, and not otherwise much interested in the article, except when called upon to pay for it, I can only protest that I look upon the modish hat as an abomination, and one that hides instead of enhancing the charm of woman. Mind you, I do not abuse the Rubens hat, the toque, and the other dear little things that vacillate on pretty heads. I mean the hat that looks

like a soup-tureen or a cookingpot or pan; the thing that is clapped deep down on the fair wearer's skull, and with one fell swoop hides hair and forehead and ears and neck. Once that hat is on, the face loses all character, or gains a new and often undesirable one. Some women look stupid, some vampish, some roguish, some like the adventuresses in melodrama who, from underneath the brim, cast furtive glances at the passer-by, trying to observe without being observed. I daresay that the head-pot is an excellent medium for coquetry and covert flirtation, but it is rarely becoming, and generally leads to disfigure-Its worst aspect is, as I said before, that it obliterates character, and in this respect I have made some studies which

seem worth recording. First of all, in the policecourts. When a woman stands in the dock or the witness-box with all her features, especially the eyes, overshadowed, it is impossible to estimate her mentality. From his elevated seat the magistrate, from his distant seat the barrister, is not able to penetrate what goes on behind the half-mask that faces him. You can read neither truth nor lie in this overshaded facial outline, still more dimmed by the twilight atmosphere in court. I remember cases when witnesses gave their evidence with obvious candour; yet, peering at them closely, I perceived that they were committing rank perjury. But those who sat in judg-ment noticed it not: the hat made that face look bland, unmoved, composed; and, as the voice did not falter-women are greater artists in prevarication than men-there was every semblance of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In other instances I have seen women responding to a charge as if they were unmoved; for the hat obscured the sadness of their eves, hardened their features, made them seem indifferent to their fate. Yet I, being able to scrutinise them closely from near by, saw rue and sorrow, and the terrible agony of fear. Had they been uncovered they might have

moved the magistrate, inclined him to leniency-to the "chance" for which the culprit in her mortification dared not to ask.

I have often discussed this matter with lawyers, and asked why female defendants and witnesses should not be called upon to remove their hats, as well as the men. And the answer was in every case (with a smile) that it could not be done, that there was no precedent for it. In other words, nobody had given it a thought, and maybe the innovation could not be allowed until the Home Secretary had been applied to for sanction, and acceded to it. In my turn I was asked why I was so insistent on the point; and my reply was that, as a critic, I came in trequent contact with actresses; and that, guided by my experiences in court, I had made it a rule, whenever a new-comer came to me for advice and counsel as to her career—after the invitation to take a seat-to proffer the polite request to remove her hat. Sometimes, of course, a quaint look, as if I were asking something weird or indecorous, met my

request; and nearly every time, while withdrawing the hat-pins, my visitor would utter the excuse that her hair was so untidy-a protest which I always met with the assurance that untidy hair is preferable to an eclipsing hat.

And, indeed, the procedure, funny as it may seem at the first glance, has resulted in discerning and pleasant surprises. I have interviewed girls who, with their hats on, were plain, and, as soon as they uncovered forehead and locks, were not only quite

being from the one with her light under the bushel. Since that time, whenever young actresses come to me and ask for an introduction, I wish them godspeed, with the exhortation: "Now the first thing that you do when the manager asks you to sit down and give an account of yourself is to ask, with a pretty smile, 'May I take my hat off?' Never mind how he looks at you when you say that; don't wait for 'Why?' or 'Yes'; do it. And ten to one your shares will rise like a boom on the Stock Exchange."

"Hats off!" is the parole for
the women aspirants to the

World of the Theatre.—J. T. G.



A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN "THE CONQUERING HERO," AT THE QUEEN'S: MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN AS CHRISTOPHER ROKEBY, THE TITLE-PART

Mr. Nicholas Hannen has scored a great personal success in "The Conquering Hero," the powerful war play by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, originally produced by the Play Actors at the Aldwych, and recently put on at the Queen's. Mr. Hannen takes the ironic title-part, which dominates the whole piece—that of a young man who felt it his duty, as an artist, to keep out of the war when it began, and afterwards joined up "to escape from war." There is a short scene at the front in France, and later his home-coming, as a broken and humiliated man, welcomed by triumphal arches and brass bands. [Camera-Portrait by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

> different beings, but beauties. I have interviewed girls who looked positively unintelligent, and, "hatoff," radiated with esprit and buoyancy. I have interviewed girls who under their "cloche" looked like suburban damsels, and uncovered like queens in a pompadour. I have interviewed girls who with the hat conveyed comedy, and without it, under the dome of their forehead and the undulation of hair, indicated all that makes an emotional actress. And, vice-versa, the character actress unveiled as a comédienne and the seemingly somewhat elderly maiden blossomed forth as an ingénue.

> It seems odd that a mere hat can produce such magic effect of transformation, but it is the plain unvarnished truth. And I can recollect at least one case when an actress seeking an engagement, and being met by a manager with the polite observation that "he feared she would not look the part," bethought herself of my advice, proposed to take her hat off, and was then and there "fixed up," because the woman without the hat was quite a different

Of the making of books on Shakespeare there is no end. We may cry out that we thereby snow under the Bard himself, but as a matter of fact it is proof positive of our genuine interest in his drama. Recent research has delighted the world of letters with its discoveries of Shakespeare's hand in "Sir Thomas More," and in that volume Professor Pollard not only revealed a hitherto neglected play in a fresh light, but intrigued many of us to include it in the Shakespearean canon. The ground that Mr. J. Dover Wilson has tilled, in "Love's Labour's Lost," edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and J. Dover Wilson (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.), has brought forth fruit of rare value, not only providing a glimpse of Shakespeare's methods, but exploding the fallacy immortalised by Ben Jonson that he "never blotted a line," and adding sensibly to our knowledge of his life. Now comes the magnum opus of Dr. Chambers, "The Elizabethan Stage," by E. K. Chambers. (Four vols. Oxford, the Clarendon Press; London, Milford; 70s. net). It is a monu-mental work, and those who will read can reconstruct Elizabethan England, see London as he saw it, and understand the spirit of an age that cried: "Men are fools who wish to die." Reading these lucid and well-ordered pages we can in fancy, like the man in the" Dream of John Ball," wake up in another London about the size of Hyde Park, a quaint, picturesque garden city of narrow streets, high-gabled, red-roofed, wooden houses, with "Paul's" the fulcrum on which London life turned. What a noisy, merry, multicoloured crowd are in the streets! Life to-day is hidden behind the ramparts of stone walls. In that day everybody seemed part of a living pageant. Was it not a time of pageantry?

Think of the river, too-not the murky, turgid river we know, but the "silver-winding

Thames," the highway of merchandise and pleasure. Tall sails spread to the wind narrowly sweep under London Bridge, and down Deptford way lie at anchor boats that have ventured into perilous gaily decked, with the oarsmen at the rowlocks. Elizabeth was England. The Tudor Court was the microcosm of the world without. For London was small; one could pick primroses in Piccadilly, and Oxford Street was a stretch of "meadows pied." So the Queen had a very near and personal influence on her subjects. She loved dress and pageants, ceremonial and dancing. Is it any wonder, then, that she should favour the play? And thus the theatres prospered in spite of the city aldermen, in spite of civic reasons which Dr. Chambers makes clear.

But Shakespeare's stage is history, and Dr. Chambers has given it form and presence, so that we may read, learn, and inwardly digest, and so recapture the first fine careless rapture of his day.

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We give on this and the new page a further selection of the remarkable Anaglyphs, the first two series of which created so much interest when published in our issues of March 8 and March 29. When the photographs are looked at through the special Anaglyph viewing-mask, which contains a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye, they will be seen to stand out wonderfully in full stereoscopic relief. The technical methods by which this remarkable optical effect is obtained were explained in an article in our issue of March 8. A viewing-



SEEN IN RELIEF THR " !! ::: "MSK : MISS CHRI !!". KILBU ". !! WITH MRS. KILBURN SCOT! SAMOYEDES ANTARCTIC ZAZA (L. AND 10. "IAN K. ! N.)

mask may be obtained by filling up the Coupon printed on page 724 of the present number and forwarding it, with stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenn, (Foreign), addres in the last of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenn, (Foreign), addres in the last of last

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BERTHA LLWIS AS RUTH IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."



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"" (A " " FANCOURT AS THE PIRATE KING " PIRATES OF PENZANCE."



The familiar characters of Gilbert and Sullivan operaby photography, but never before by the remarkable kind of photographs known as anagypns. On the previous page we illustrate by the same method another popular subject—that of dogs. In our issue of March 29 we gave Anaglyphs of



first series published, in our number for March 8, comprised a variety of subjects, including the Moon, the Pyramid of Kephren, and a common House-Fly. Further Anaglyphs will appear from time to time in our pages.

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"GALÁPAGOS." By WILLIAM BEEBE.*

NKNOWN to primeval man, mysterious as to origin, the extinct volcanoes that are the "2000-cratered" Galápagos Archipelago are the Enchanted Isles of the old seafaring Spaniards, but such magic as they have is malign. Even Camilo Casanova, their own particular "Robinson Crusoe," met more troubles on Indefatigable than did Alexander Selkirk, of fact and fiction, in the four years and four months of the Inconvenience of his Solitude on Juan Fernandez. The "Man cloath'd in Goatskins" who looked "wilder than the first owners of them," mastered his melancholy and would dance now and then with his kids and his cats; but the marooned of Galápagos "lived on raw turtles and lizards, and to save his scanty store of water, he drank the blood of these creatures."

So it had been since Fray Tomás de Berlanga, Bishop of Panama, discovered the scattered "cinderheaps" and found nothing but turtles and iguanas and liquid "as bitter as the sea." So it is now, and so it is likely to be; for the islands, for all their tales of hidden treasure, for all their past use as victualling place for buccaneers and privateers, have defied colonisation, and remain in the Age of Reptilesand of birds: amphibians and indigenous mammals are absent and fishes above the water negligiblealthough sail-fish and mullets leap high and blennies climb out and flick here and there upon the tidesoaked rocks. From shore to mountain-top, the reptiles are in control, "dividing the land between them, and the only weakness of this simile is the fact that the tiniest lizards alone are carnivorousthe large ones being vegetarians, so there is no exciting survival of the fittest by direct attack and defence.

It is very well, therefore, now that even they are dying out, that we should have this fine record of Six Thousand Minutes on the Galápagos—a period only to be compared with Darwin's famous five weeks, and remarkably fruitful of results, for "it was possible in 1923 to accomplish as much well-directed observation in an hour 'as was possible in a working day of ten hours in 1835."

Three chief impressions are left on the mind of the reader: the historic tameness of the animals, to which the seventh Lord Byron bore witness; the widely differing characters of the marine iguanas and the land iguanas; and the scarcity of the big, crater-climbing, four or five-hundred-year-old land tortoises, which were once so prolific and so "extraordinary large and fat, and so sweet, that no pullet eats more pleasantly": the expedition saw but one example—and proved that it could swim.

Everywhere it was the fearlessness of the Garden of Eden. Ducks looked curiously at humans seen for the first time, gulls were constant companions, fly-catchers clung to the camera, blue herons permitted man within ten feet, crabs were confiding, seals were but casually disapproving of the stranger, penguins were most friendly, Benjamin, the pet [sealion pup, loved the phonograph, hawks followed the explorers about, little lizards scuttled over stones and took flies from the fingers, and, as for Amblyrhynchus cristatus, the sea-lizard, all that was called for was minor strategy! "When I saw the Amblyrhynchus first," says Mr. Beebe, " and was willing to creep on all fours on the rock, in the eyes of the lizard I became a harmless sea-lion, and could approach closely and with care even stroke the flabby shagreen skin.'

Astonishing creatures, these prehistoric - looking "Amblys." Out of the water clambered the first black sea iguana the expedition had seen, and Mr. Beebe records: "The big reptile slipped down a deep crevice of the rocks, and we had given it up and turned campward when another rushed out from underfoot and crept beneath a flat lava rock. My fingers just reached its tail, and for five minutes all my strength availed nothing against the twenty claws

of the lizard. Little by little he gave way, but when I

• "Gálapagos: World's End." By William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, etc. With 24 Coloured Illustrations by Isabel Cooper, and 33 Photographs, mostly by John Tee-Van. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; f2 25, pet.)

had acquired about fifteen inches of tail, I had to yield my place. We won in the end, but our first le sson was a thorough one in the tremendous grip of these talons. "When an Amblyrhynchus once entrenched himself in an ill-fitting crevice, he blew up his body with



ILLUSTRATING THE EXTRAORDINARY TAMENESS OF THE CREATURES OF THE GALÁPAGOS THE SURGEON OF THE HARRISON WILLIAMS EXPEDITION WITH A FEARLESS HAWK.

air, thus pressing all the myriad scales against the rough lava, and then with the grip of his score of long curved claws, offered a resistance that had probably never been overcome except by the occasional muscles of pirates and scientists, all one to Ambly in such a crisis."

By such the shores were held by no means insecurely; for two captured were thirty-five and fortyof hair-lines along the coast, for high tide marks the equator of their few yards of terrestrial and aquatic wanderings. In this narrow zone they spend their entire lives, finding food, safety, and mates within its confines. Neither drought nor seasons nor food supply require any migration—a burrow, a flat rock, a tuft of seaweed, and Amblyrhynchus is content. . . . The daily round of life of the sea iguanas was very simple. They spent the night in their burrows in the earth, or deep down in lava crevices. About eight or nine o'clock in the morning, if the sun was shining, they came out and waited for low tide, then, making their way slowly to the edge of the surf, they fed on the short, glutinous algæ. Afterwards they sometimes basked all day in the sun on some favourite rock out of reach of the water, individuals going back day after day to the same spot."

They could challenge. Mr. Beebe was flat on the sand, "watching the ageless surf pounding on the lava boulders." "Over the jagged, tortured summits," he writes, "there climbed the largest iguana I saw on the islands. It was a full four feet in length—appearing forty to my lowly view-point. His head was clad in rugged scales, black and charred, looking like the clinker piles of the island; along his back extended a line of long spines, as if to skin of lava he had added a semblance of cactus. He saw me and stopped, looking long and earnestly with curiosity, not fear; then with his smug lizard smile unchanging, he dismissed me with an emotional feat as strange as his appearance; he twice solemnly nodded his whole massive head, he sniffed and sent a thin shower of water vapour into the air through his nostrils and clambered past me and down towards the water. If only a spurt of flame had followed the smoky puff of vapour, we should have had a real old-fashioned dragon!"

Otherwise, they were most tame and unaggressive. Mr. Beebe could not induce one to bite him, and none would awake at his tread. More astonishing still, they would not eat in captivity. "From Indefatigable Island, five hundred miles out in the Pacific, to the Bronx, and for two months later, these lizards lived and apparently thrived on salt water and air. No variety of seaweed or terrestrial vegetable tempted them to break their fast. Individuals were killed from time to time as material for the big group to be built in the American Museum, but after one hundred days of complete abstinence from food, the remainder appeared as active and as strong as when first taken from among their native lava."

The land iguana presented very different characteristics. It was seen and observed in the veldt of Seymour - Conolophus subcristatus, a giant who scratched ferociously and bit bitterly and was anything from twenty-four to thirty-six inches long, a dweller under every cactus and every bush, stretched along the line of shifting shadow or curled in the circle of shade, a nervous being readily sent tearing to its burrow in the sandy clay under or about lava boulders or to poke head and body into a crevice, leaving hind-quarters and tail exposed, for all the world like an ostrich with head in the sand! And, always, however much it was turned about, it made off inland, just as its marine brother always made for the coast. Its food could not be approved by " Ambly "-leaves and flowers of plants, a grasshopper or two now and then, and cactus fruits-and it ate the pads of Opuntia, needlelength and steel-hard spines and all.

So much by way of introduction to a most fascinating, most agreeably written, admirably illustrated book, new notes concerning that "World's End" which Darwin made known to scientists after the Beagle visit of 1835, the story of a journey, brief but valuable, which yielded sevenand-seventy living specimens and scores in photograph or drawing form, or in that preserving alcohol

which was bought in Havana because "a scientist in New York in search of alcohol for his work must turn bootlegger, and even then finds the fluid far beyond the limits of his slender purse"! "Galápagos" should be in great demand; it concerns a notable achievement.



A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC: A DIAGRAMMATIC CHART OF THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN; SHOWING THE 2000-METRE DEPTH ABOUT COCAS AND GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, AND THE 3000-METRE LINE CONNECTING THESE ISLANDS WITH THE CENTRAL AMERICAN MAINLAND. There are three theories as to the origin of the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago: (1) They were geologically recently uplifted from mid-ocean as separate volcanic peaks, never in connection with one another or with the American continent; (2) The archipelago, while always oceanic, was at one time a single island, separated in comparatively recent times, by submergence, into the present number of isolated peaks; (3) The islands were at one time connected, not only with one another, but also with the American mainland. Mr. Beebe regards the first theory as unsupported by facts; the second as the true one; the third as a moot question,

Illustrations reproduced by permission from "Galápagos: World's End," by William Beebe.

one inches long—thirteen pounds of the latter—while others seen must have had a length of four feet. The two dominant qualities of Galápagan fauna were well exemplified in them—"strangeness and tameness." "A bird's-eye diagram of their haunts would be a narrow outline of the islands, the slenderest

A REPTILE-AGE FIGHTER: THE GIANT LAND IGUANA.

REPRODUCED FROM "GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.





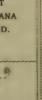
UNLIKE ITS MARINE RELATIVE, A BITER AND A SCRATCHER: A VICIOUS GIANT LAND IGUANA—A FRONT VIEW OF THE HEAD.

A DWELLER IN INLAND BURROWS, AND GIVEN TO HIDING ITS HEAD IN CREVICES WHEN PURSUED: THE GIANT LAND IGUANA OF THE GALÁPAGOS.



OF THE
HISTORIAN OF
THE EXPEDITION:
A GIANT
LAND IGUANA
CAPTURED.

IN THE HANDS







FEEDER ON LEAVES AND FLOWERS, CACTUS SPINES, AND GRASS-HOPPERS':
THE GIANT LAND IGUANA (CONOLOPHUS SUBCRISTATUS).

The giant land iguana illustrated on this page practically shares the control of the Galapagos with the marine iguana illustrated opposite and on the following two pages. Unlike its relative, Amblyrhynchus cristatus, it always lives inland, and it was observed, more especially, in the veldt-like, sandy interior of Seymour. It is gay in colour, and is of notable size. Mr. Beebe saw not a single example under 24 inches long, and most were 3 feet or more long. Every cactus and

MOVING ROUND AS THE SHADOW MOVES, IN ORDER TO REMAIN IN THE SHADE: A LAND IGUANA SHELTERING DURING THE DAY.

every small bush sheltered one of them in the daytime, and always the dweller in the shadow followed that shadow as it moved. The lizard's actual home is in a burrow in sandy clay, under or around lava boulders. It is irritable and fierce when captured, and fights with teeth and claws, whereas the marine iguana is tame and friendly. It is probable that both lizards descended from a common ancestor which migrated from the mainland long ago.

A VEGETARIAN "DRAGON" AND "FASTING-MAN": A SEA-SHORE LIZARD.

REPRODUCED FROM "GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, Mr. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



A FEEDER ON SEAWEEDS, AND NOT TO BE INDUCED TO BITE THE CURIOUS: THE GIANT MARINE IGUANA—

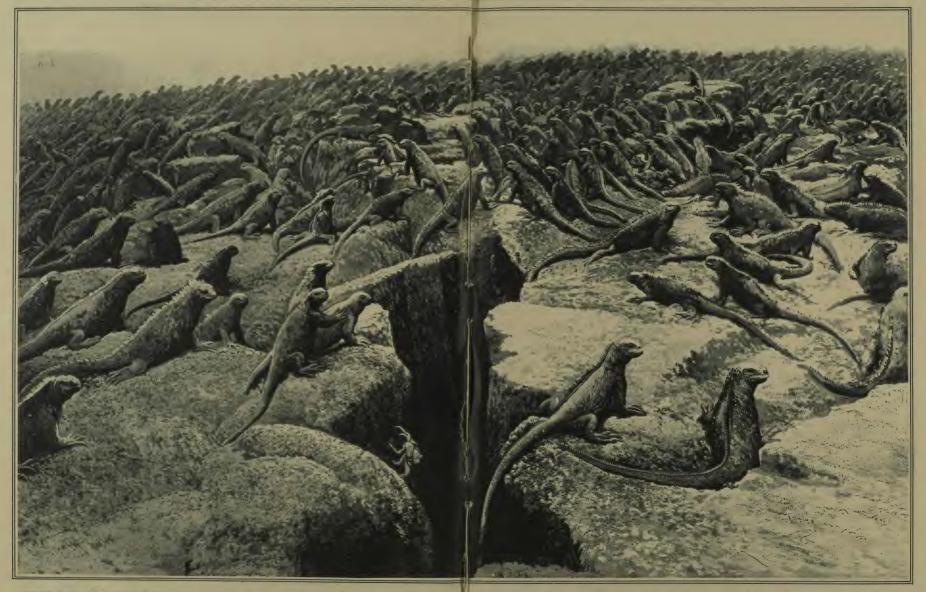
AMBLYRHYNCHUS CRISTATUS—AS RUGGED AS LAVA BOULDERS.

That remarkable lizard, the great marine Iguana, Amblyrhynchus cristatus, of the Galápagos, which looks for all the world like a prehistoric monster, lives about the seashore, and is a vegetarian, feeding on seaweeds. It proved particularly tame when captured, and could not be induced to bite the strangers who sought it for the New York Zoological Park. At night, it sleeps in a

burrow in the earth, or in a lava-crevice. In the daytime it comes out and waits for low tide, when it makes its way to the edge of the surf, in order to feed. It swims well, but does not go into the water more than is necessary. Those captured by the Harrison Williams Expedition refused all food, and it was found that they could live on salt water and air for over a hundred days.

THE AGE OF REPTILES IN GALÁPAGOS THI MYSTERIOUS: THE ONLY SEA LIZARDS.

REFRODUCED FROM "GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTEST OF THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; DE THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESERS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



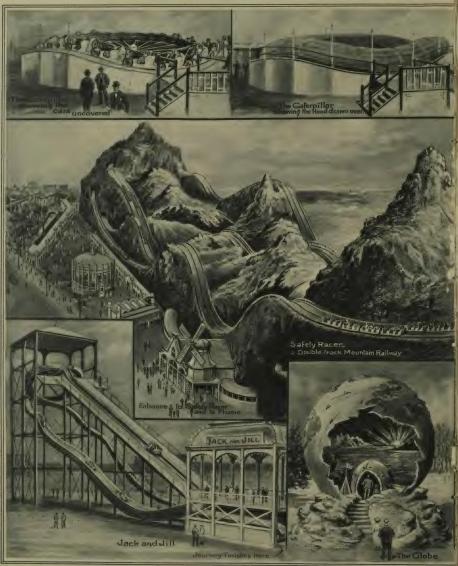
NEVER KNOWN TO MOVE INLAND: A HERD OF THE GIANT MARINE IGUANAS-AMBLYRHYN HUS CRISTATUS-DWELLERS AMIDST THE LAVA AND THE SURF OF THE "WORLD'S END."

This particular photograph was taken by Mr. Rollo H. Beck, who, making one of his various voyages to the Galápagos, found at Narborough this unusually large assemblage of Amblyrhynchus Iguanas—the only lizards in the world which are marine. Mr. Beebe writes: "While we found hundreds of Amblyrhynchus islands, we saw no such hordes as Beek described. They have no enemies of which we know, but they are slowly but certainly decreasing. No other living inhabitant of these islands seemed so throughly a part of its environment as Amblyrhynchus. In colour, in rough contour, in the scales of its head standing up like volcanic cones, in its intimacy with lava and surf, it seemed an organic embodiment of the shores of these desert

Islands. Its swimming ability has either enabled it . . . to pass from Island to Island to such an extent that there are no well-marked separate insular forms, or perhaps its limited environment has made for absence of variation. It has very remarkable powers of orientation, as I proved on throwing an individual overhoard when we were anchored two miles from land. It splashed into the water on the seaward side of the yacht, swam round the stern, and started straight for the enserest land off the port bow, although the lave shore could handly have been visible from the lizard's viewpoint, especially in the dim light of late aftermoon." Other details as its Amblythynchus, which, it may be added, reaches a length of four feet, are on pages 699 and 699.

702-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, APRIL 19, 1924.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON

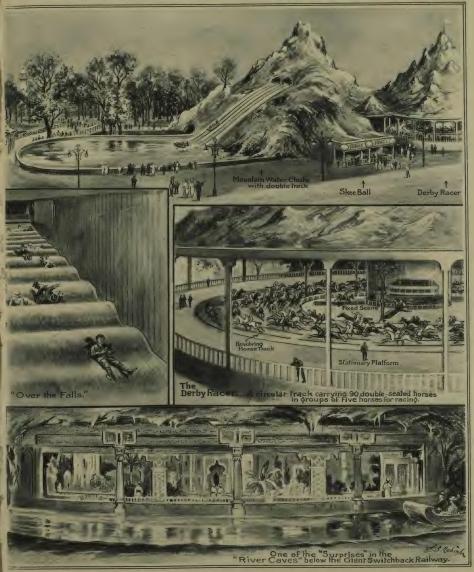


JOY-JAUNTS IN A FORTY-ACRE PLEASURE CITY COSTING £1,500,000: SOME OF THE THRILLS

The Amusements Park in the grounds of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley has been planned on an unprecedented scale, and has cost no less than £1,500,000. No such assemblage of "joy jaunts" has ever before been seen in this country. Our artist illustrates only a few of the most important. To take the drawings in order (from left to right, beginning at the top)-A huge green "caterpillar," writhing on the ground, contains miniature trains of forty cars on a circular track. As they revolve, a hood rises and covers them, travelling round with the cars. At intervals "surprises" are caused by blasts of air. For the double-track Mountain Water Chute, boats are raised by electric lifts through the heart of a mountain, at the top of which an illusory collision effect is arranged. The Safety Racer is a double-track mountain railway, where two trains of four cars each race abreast for three-quarters of a mile. They are raised to a height of 72 ft. and complete the journey by gravity. The heavier load wins. Below the structure a water flume 1000 ft. long carries two-

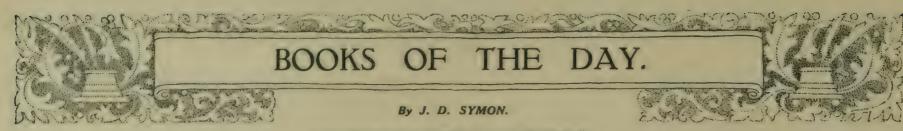
WEMBLEY'S LIGHTER SIDE: GIANT SWITCHBACK, "CATERPILLAR," WATER CHUTE, "JACK AND JILL," AND "DERBY RACER."

COURTESY OF THE AMUSEMENTS CONSTRUCTION Co., LTD.



IN THE GREAT AMUSEMENTS PARK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

seater tubs through scenic caves. (N.B.—The flume shown below is another one.) In "Over the Falls" passengers ascend a gangway, enter a dark chamber, and sit in a row on a form. The seat falls, doors in front open, and the occupants alide on to an undulating travelling belt which lands them on a mat at the bottom. The Derby Racer is a circular track carrying ninety double-seated horses in groups of five, each group being arranged to race, as the platform revolves, with the horses moving up and down. In "Jack and Jill" a kind of jaunting car carries the passengers to the top, where the seats drop and they are shot into chutes down which they descend, finishing up on a mat. The Globe is a structure representing the earth, with novel scenic and mechanical effects inside. It is entered through a whale's mouth. The River Cave here illustrated is below the Giant Switchback Railway (not shown here). There are three large switchbacks in all, the other two being the Mountain Railway (shown above) and the Scenic Railway. - Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.



"THE century," says Dr. Johnson, "is the term com-monly fixed as the test of literary merit, and to-day the test is being applied by a thousand pens to the work of the poet whose death at Missolonghi, on April 19, work of the poet whose death at Missolonghi, on April 19, 1824, left the world with a sense of desolation. Seven years carlier, when Byron quitted England an execrated exile, the passing of the poet would not have aroused such profound emotions; but ten years earlier it would have seemed like a national calamity. To many, even to admirers who knew him only by his poems, the news of his death seemed like an eclipse of the sun, so strong a hold had Byron taken on the public imagination. The phase of evil repute did not wholly alienate sympathy, and before the end the poet's efforts to liberate Greece had gone far to restore his tarnished name in the esteem of his countrymen and of the world. of his countrymen and of the world.

The moral question has, however, but little significance to-day in any estimate of Byron. Fifty years after his death, Disraeli, speaking at the meeting called to inaugurate a Byron Memorial for London, remarked that when half a century has elapsed private character is scarcely an element in the estimate of literary genius. And in the very year of the poet's death, Walter Scott, writing to Hobhouse about the proposal to place a statue in West-minster Abbey, said he hoped that the guardians of that place "would not fix their attention on speculative errors and levities, but consider the quantity of genius of which Britain was prematurely deprived," and the real character of the individual, although it was not always that which of the individual, although it was not always that which was most ostensible." Scott's clumsy phrasing, simplified, means that Byron did not show the world the best side of his character. Sir Walter saw it, and possessed above all men the gift of bringing it out. They saw too little of each other for Byron's good. Mr. John Murray believed that, had the two poets been thrown together oftener and more intimately, much sorrow would have been averted. Byron never appears to greater advantage than when he is writing to or of Scott. In him he saw no fault. Scott is writing to or of Scott. In him he saw no fault. Scott, older and wiser, knew all the weak points of Byron, but the seemed to understand exactly how to take him, and the younger man felt and acknowledged Scott's sym-pathetic influence. "Oh," he exclaimed to Pryse Lock-hart Gordon when talking of Scott; "I wish it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor!"

At the first glance, when Murray brought the two poets together in London, Scott seemed to understand and appreciate Byron. He recognised the strange mix-ture of genius and waywardness, and struck a true balance in estimating the character. In each the Scot responded to the Scot. But for Byron's early upbringing in the North, and his experience of Scottish ways and Scottish speech, he would never have been so closely drawn either Speech, he would never have been so closely drawn either to Scott the man or Scott the writer. In his request to Murray for books to be sent to him in Italy, it is always Scott that he desires. The friends, during their brief meeting and in their correspondence, were in perfect rapport. But Scott's opportunities were limited. Left to himself, Byron rushed upon social disaster.

Upon the central tragedy of his life there is no need to dwell at this time of day. Misunderstandings and misconceptions are clearing away; the deliberate mis-representations of enmity or stupidity have been corrected, or have faded out with the generation that begot them; the work has taken precedence of the man; and what is excellent in the work itself has risen clear of what is less worthy, or, it may be, actually worthless. In Byron's poetry, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch marks (rather arbitrarily, but not unreasonably) a distinct line of cleavage, and indicates a point of departure from which to determine the period of works that secure the poet's fame. "I ask you," he says, "to take April 25, 1816, the day on which Byron sailed from England for ever, and to set that for a mark dividing all that he wrote before from all that he wrote afterwards; and I promise you that with this simple book-marker between what to discard and what to retain, you will never again doubt that he was a great poet.'

This doctrine may still seem hard to many even in an age more ready to lend a favourable car to Byron than were the critics of 1881, when Matthew Arnold's championship of a poet much out of favour startled the elect and roused Swinburne to a foaming reply; for to-day the arbiters of poetry in certain coteries have but small opinion of critics who find any good in Byron. Roundly to claim him for a great poet must seem to these a damnable heresy, if not an outrage upon the sanctities of beauty. But those who still disparage Byron reckon without the critical movement which since 1900 has been making a gradual approach to a better appreciation. Swinburne, and to some extent, Lang (although he recanted generously), retarded the effect of Arnold's advocacy, and confirmed many in their antagonism. Arnold did much also to defeat his own end by his rash prophecy that the year 1900 would acknowledge Byron and Wordsworth as the two supreme poets of the century just closing. The year 1900 came round and still it seemed that Byron lingered in disesteem. But opinion was swinging over, not to the old delirious and even fatuous admiration that greeted the poet's appearance, but to a sane recognition of what Byron stands for in literature.

Since 1900 there has been a tendency to take Byron on his essential merits, and to cease applying to his work the touchstones of other schools. The Pre-Raphaelites

damned him simply because he was not a Pre-Raphaelite. He was something far stronger. True, he did not come offering the delicate tapestries of verse, the quaint imitations of old beautiful things in which they wrought with tions of old beautiful things in which they wrought with such curious and delightful art. Swinburne, forgetful of former generous praise, berated Byron's "jolterheaded jargon"; but Swinburne's god, Shelley, had seen that the Fifth Canto of "Don Juan" placed its author not only above, but far above, all the poets of the day. What is more to the point, Shelley recognised that in "Don Juan" Byron had produced something wholly new.

In the future and final estimate of Byron's work, it would seem that his Burlesque Epic is to hold the central place. As yet the world may not have rediscovered it fully or realised its true significance, but proofs are not wanting that the trend of criticism is in that direction. wanting that the trend of criticism is in that direction. In two of the Centenary volumes that lie before me, the testimony is unmistakable. One of these, "Byron the Poet" (Routledge; 12s. 6d.), issued by the local piety of Nottingham, because of the poet's association with that city, contains a lecture by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, from which a passage has been already quoted. There he says: "I believe 'Don Juan' will some day be recognised for one of the world's few greatest epics. I am sure that it is, after 'Paradise Lost,' our second English epic. 'Don Juan' has this, at any rate, in common with the 'Iliad'

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"THE DREAM." (Jonathan Cape.) By H. G. Wells.

"ENTICEMENT."

By Clive Arden.

"GREAT WATERS." (Jonathan Cape.)

By Vere Hutchinson.

"MAY EVE." (Hutchinson.) By E. Temple Thurston.

"RAT'S CASTLE."

By Roy Bridges.

(Hutchinson.) "SALLY SERENE."

(Hurst and Blackett.)

By Oliver Sandys.

(Butterworth.)

"THE TEMPTRESS." . By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"WOODSMOKE."

(Collins,)

By F. Brett Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"GENERAL BOTHA." (Murray.)

By Earl Buxton.

"BYRON."

By Harold Nicholson.

(Constable.)

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA."

(Seelev Service.) By Lady Hooie.

"WONDERS OF THE HIMALAYA." (Murray.) By Sir Francis Younghusband.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library. The volumes are given in order of demand.

itself: it belongs with heart and soul to its age-a remarkable age, too, in human history—and it paints that age with such lively intensity, with such a sweep of power, that no generation to come will ever be able to dispute

In the other Centenary publication, "Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame," by Professor Samuel Chew (Murray; 21s.), every conceivable example of Byron criticism, comment, parody, and spurious imitation is collected and co-ordinated with great skill and independent of the content of th judgment. It is an encyclopædic work of the utmost value. Although Mr. Chew is less concerned to give his own opinions than to make a lucid conspectus of the opinions of other critics, he is convinced that "the hundred years since the poet's death, if they have heard many a voice of detraction raised, have also been a century of praise." The voices contend, but on a balance those of most authority are with Byron. His detractors, studied en bloc in this collection, expose their own puny wits to admiration.

It is not often that two books appearing almost simultaneously play each other off as do those now under con-The Nottingham volume, a collection of essays by various hands, has been edited by Mr. W. A. Briscoe, the Public Librarian of that city. Most of the papers are essays or addresses delivered on various dates in the county of Nottingham, and few of them have escaped the lynx eye of Professor Chew. Consequently to read the Nottingham book, and then to open "Byron in England," is to discover a body of criticism which is often applied directly to Mr. Briscoe's material, notably the lectures by Professor Quiller-Couch, Miss Marie Corelli, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

Another lecture delivered to University College, Nottingham, by Professor H. J. C. Grierson, appears in a revised and enlarged form. It is difficult in dealing with a book by many hands to avoid proverbially odious comparisons; consequently, in recommending this article, I shall not contrast or compare it with the work of any other shall not contrast or compare it with the work of any other contributor, but will suggest that those interested in Byron should compare Grierson with Grierson, and read in conjunction with his "Byron in English Society," his Wharton Lecture, "Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne" (1920), and his memorable address delivered last September at the unveiling of the Byron statue at Aberdeen Grammar Caboa! School.

Professor Grierson's sane and just attitude towards Byron is the more significant that he himself yields to none in appreciation of the poets of "the sweet new style." He delights in the writers who work in ivory and gold, who are jealous for the perfect phrase and the jewelled word; and yet he can admit that these luxuries sometimes pall, and it is with a new quickening of the blood that we come back to Byron. In 1920, Mr. Grierson distinguished between Byronism and Byron, and he asked himself whether, although Byronism is dead, Byron may not, after all, be alive. "Readers may still find something stirring and arresting in the passionate speed" of Byron's earlier poems although "their descionary in the Byron's earlier poems, although "their deficiency in the finer qualities of poetry have consigned them to general oblivion." But in the works written after Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's crucial date (with which Mr. Grierson seems to Couch's crucial date (with which Mr. Grierson seems to agree implicitly), "the later cantos of 'Childe Harold,' in 'Manfred,' in 'Prometheus,' and 'Darkness,' in the lyrical epistles to his sister, Byron's poetry acquired a new and deeper accent, his voice a timbre that shook the heart of Europe; and when with 'Beppo' he found a new medium, and this man of many moods and sparkling wit began to pour himself forth in the most brilliant and buoyant conversation in verse that perhaps any literature can lay claim to, it was then that Byron became the spokesman of a disillusioned Europe." man of a disillusioned Europe."

Briefly, Mr. Grierson sums up the present position as follows: "If Byron's poetry is little read to-day, the interest in Byron is never quite extinguished. His spirit is too dæmonic—as is that of Shelley, though there is a world of difference between their angels—ever to be exercised by a purely technical criticism of his faults of style and defects of harmony."

Posterity, it may be, will not detect these faults, just as Europe at large is unable to detect their verbal short-comings, and so, unhindered by asthetic scruples, has given Byron a whole-hearted allegiance that has never wavered since first he took it by storm. He had the European mind; he made English literature European; and the greatness of that achievement, that triumph of spiritual force, makes the carping of the precious school at "bellman's rhyme" and "bastard romanticism," a mere petulance of Forcible Feebles.

Byron had the European mind because he was a Scot. To the Scot he is irresistible. Lang, it is true, went after strange gods for a while, but not very desperately. His decadence is never unhealthy—a delicate feeling for the charm and fragrance of dead rose-leaves. He had in him something of the fresh air and fire not alien to the Byronic, and although he could say "I hate the slang, I hate the personalities," his Caledonian blood forced him back at last to the splendid valedictory stanza of praise in the "Letters to Dead Authors"—

Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the Gods! Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit, Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,
Unpraised, unpraisable beyond thy merit;
Chased, like Orestes, by the Furies' rods,
Like him at length thy peace dost thou inherit,
Beholding whom men think how fairer far
Than all the steadfast stars the wandering star.

The critical world may not yet be ready to admit that in Byron it entertained a Titan, but, before the year 2000 is turned, all doubt will be at rest. adoration, long dead, is being replaced by real understanding. Byron is alive: a focus of compelling interest—a source of unending curiosity and comment.

The Centenaries of Shelley and Keats produced no such volume of criticism, review, and appreciation. They were incidents of a single day. The Byron Centenary has been talked about for months; the public interest has taken forms most diverse. Not the least remarkable is that a very eminent publicist has laid aside his weekly relitical article to discourse in the corner area force for the such as the s political article to discourse in the same space for a Sunday or two on the instant theme—Byron. And most places that could in any way claim association with the poet are doing homage to his memory. The Nottingham book of essays is purely a local tribute: Professor Chew's volume represents critical America, where Byron has most ardent admirers. Nor is the list of Centenary books yet complete. Mr. Murray announces Mr. Harold Spender's Byron and Greece," and Mr. Desmond McCarthy will issue a new biography with Messrs. Heinemann. volume I hoped to notice here has not been sent for review, and must be omitted.



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THE REAL DREAMER OF "THE DREAM": A PROPHET ON THE PRESENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIZZIE CASWALL SMITH.



A SEER OF THE PRESENT THROUGH THE EYES OF THE FUTURE: MR. H. G. WELLS, NOVELIST, HISTORIAN, AND SOCIALIST, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE DREAM," IS BEING MUCH DISCUSSED.

In his new book, "The Dream," Mr. H. G. Wells describes and discusses, in characteristic style, the social conditions of the present as seen through the eyes of a man living 2000 years hence, the dreamer of the dream, which is told as his recollection of a previous incarnation in our own day. It is hardly necessary, nor have we space here, to enumerate all Mr. Wells's books. It is sufficient to say that he is famous as a novelist of scientific prophecy, social reform, and religious speculation, and as a popular historian with a wide outlook, through Socialistic spectacles, as presented in his "Outline of History." In the last two

General Elections he stood as a Labour candidate for the University of London, but was unsuccessful. He is not only a seer of past and future, but a vivid interpreter of the present. Mr. Philip Guedalla, who has dissected many celebrities in his "Under the Knife" essays in our pages, sums up Mr. Wells as "a pair of bright eyes, watching the world alertly and not without malice." Mr. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in 1866, the son of a cricket professional. He went to Midhurst Grammar School, and later took his B.Sc., with first-class honours in zoology, at the Royal College of Science.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE PUSS MOTH.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is good indeed to feel that the winter is past. And of this we are assured by the opening leafbuds of the trees and hedgerows. Among those of us who find delight, not only in the first spring flowers, but also in the gradual awakening of the lowlier creatures of the countryside-caterpillars and caddisflies, frogs and lizards, and the arrival of our spring migrants, such as the wheatear and the swallow, this is a time which sets the pulses throbbing. Once more the allurements of Nature's kinema-show compel us to take our walks abroad. We are drawn, as the moth to the candle; and we fare forth with high expectancy; for we feel sure that, profiting by the experience gained in former years, we shall be enabled to see with a yet clearer insight into the mysteries which we know, in our hearts, we shall never really fathom, even while we try to persuade ourselves that there is not really much that we have missed!

To-day I want to suggest a piece of investigation which those who are interested in entomology might well undertake. It concerns the "Puss moth." Some may insist that all that there is to know of this insect will be found recorded in well-nigh any book on moths and butterflies. Nevertheless, if these

LARGER THAN THE MALE,
AND SOMEWHAT DARKER IN
COLORATION: THE FEMALE PUSS
MOTH, WITH WOOLLY FORELEGS EXTENDED.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

records are carefully read, it will be found that on some quite important points in-ference takes the place of observed fact. But, before entering upon these, it would be well to review what is actually known of the life-history of this extremely interesting insect, in the hope that new recruits will be gained, ready and eager to take up the task of recorders during the month of May, when the moth itself emerges from its wonderful cocoon.

The Puss moth, then, is to be sought where sallow, willow,

and poplar are fairly numerous; not merely in one favoured quarter of our England, but throughout the United Kingdom, save the Orkneys and Shetlands; though not everywhere with the same abundance.

In appearance it is not a particularly striking insect, and there is little difference between the sexes in the matter of coloration. It has a rather "fluffy" appearance, whitish in colour, and having the "veins," or "nervures," of the wings marked out by reason of their ochreous and blackish hue. The male is smaller than the female, and has his antennæ more conspicuously "pectinated"; that is to say, hese all-important organs are beset with a closely set array of comblike teeth, whose precise function has yet to be discovered.

The eggs are usually laid in pairs, on the upper surface of a leaf of sallow, willow, or poplar. And in searching for these, one must look for tiny, dome-shaped bodies of a reddish hue, polished and finely grained, and looking for all the world like small leaf-galls, by which camouflage they escape the attacks of parasites. Cut off the twig bearing such leaves, and take it home for the purpose of hatching-out the caterpillars, so that the whole of the life history can be carefully studied.

When these little creatures first emerge, they are black, and would easily be passed over, on the tree, for small dark patches such as leaves often bear. Only during the very early stages of development, however, would this blackness serve as a disguise, hence a tinge of green soon begins to make its appearance, and this speedily displaces the black, until it is confined to the middle of the back, where, seen in side-view, it presents a triangular appearance. With each succeeding moult the body increases in size, until at last it may measure as much as three inches in length. The coloration is now of the same green as the leaves on which it feeds, save for the patch on the back, which is now of a

purplish hue, margined with white. One would suppose that it would now be easily seen, but this is by no means the case, for the dark patch of the back breaks up the solid appearance of the body. The protective value of this coloration is reinforced



SHOWING THE RED "WHIP" EXTENDED WHEN THE CREATURE IS ALARMED: THE TAIL-SPINE OF A PUSS MOTH CATERPILLAR (ENLARGED).

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



WITH FACE AND "EYES" TURNED TO FACE DANGER, AND TAIL-SPINE PARTIALLY RAISED: THE QUAINT CATERPILLAR OF THE PUSS MOTH.

When the caterpillar is fully alarmed, the tail-spine is brought up over the head, and displays a pair of red "whips."

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.



MADE BY THE CATERPILLAR OF BARK CEMENTED BY SALIVA:
THE COCOON OF THE PUSS MOTH, OPENED TO SHOW THE
CHRYSALIS WITHIN.—[Photograph by A. H. Bishop.]

in a very remarkable way. For while the creature is at rest it assumes a quite unusual attitude, the head and fore-part of the body being drawn backwards and downwards, so as to give greater prominence to the triangular prominence which marks the third segment of the body; so that this, and the steep slope caused by the position of the head, gives a curiously angular shape to the fore-part of the body, while the hind-part is tilted up and terminates in a long spine, formed by the last pair of larval legs. These unusual features, in themselves, constitute a very effective disguise, affording protection against the prying eyes of insect-eating birds. But the creature has yet a third string to its bow. Gently touch a captive specimen, and lo ! a startling change takes place. The head is suddenly drawn into the first body-ring, which at once swells up and presents a bright-red margin. Then, swinging the head round in the direction of the attack, it reveals two black spots resembling eyes, so that one seems to be looking at a large flat face. Touch the body on the other side, and the face is at once turned in the appropriate direction.

This is not all, however; for, as the face is turned, so is the tail raised, and from the end of

its terminal spine there are thrust out two bright-red threads, which are waved about over the head as though they were deadly weapons. Even entomologists, witnessing this display for the first time, have been startled. One can well imagine, then, that birds would be wary of. experimenting with so terrible a creature.

The smaller larvæ, however, seem to make more use of these "whips" than the full-grown caterpillars. And this, perhaps, because they depend rather upon the power of ejecting



SMALLER THAN THE FEMALE: THE MALE PUSS MOTH, SHOW-ING THE MARKINGS, AND GENERAL WOOLLINESS ON THE EXTENDED FORE-LEG.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

a spray of formic acid from a slit in the upper edge of the red margin surrounding the head. Prying birds or lizards or ichneumon flies designing an attack on the succulent body speedily desist when this pungent fluid is

expelled at them. But further observations as to the occasions when this spray is used, are needed.

The Puss-moth caterpillar—and also, by the way, its near relations, the caterpillars of the Kitten-moth—have attained to a high degree of perfection in the art of camouflage on the one hand and aggressive tactics on the other.

When full-fed, this creature proceeds to fashion for itself a cocoon. This is made of small pieces of bark cut by the powerful jaws, and cemented together by saliva poured out from the mouth. When this sets it forms a protecting case which can scarcely be cut with a sharp knife. If at the time of pupation the spinner be placed under an inverted tumbler, standing on a saucer, with no "building materials," it will fashion a sleeping-chamber of saliva only, which sets as hard as glue!

This being so, when the time came for the moth to emerge it would be unable to escape, having no cutting jaws. But provision is made for this emergence at the time the case is made, for its walls at one end are made thinner than the rest, so that they can be dissolved away by a special solvent, secreted by the moth when the time for emergence has come, a breach having been first made by a cutting instrument formed by a keel-like edge on the end of the hard chrysalis case. How, in spite of these remarkable forms of attack and defence, some fall victims to the dreaded ichneumon fly must be told at another time, for I have come to the end of the space allotted me.

CHRISTIAN ART RELICS; "SCRAPPING" A WAR-SHIP; A PRINCE CASTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N. THAT OF MEMLING'S PICTURE BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CANTERBURY: AN 11TH-CENTURY LEADEN CROSS BEARING THE NAME OF ABBOT WULFRIC'S SISTER (6 IN. BY 51-8 IN.)

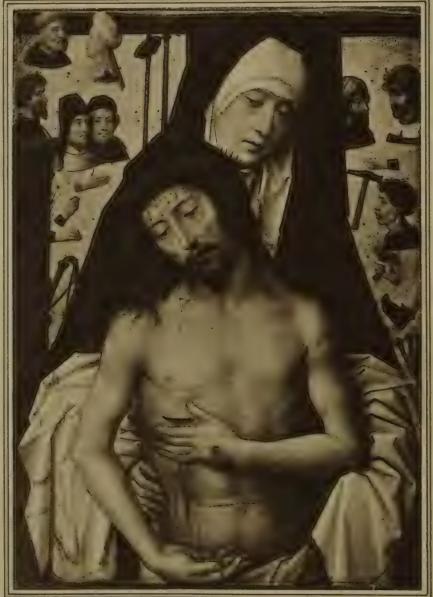


A FAMOUS JAPANESE BATTLE-CRUISER SHARING THE FATE OF THE "LION": THE "KATORI" BEING "SCRAPPED" UNDER THE WASHINGTON AGREEMENT—A VIEW ON DECK.



THE DUKE OF YORK AS STEEL-FOUNDER: OPERATING A LEVER RELEASING MOLTEN METAL FROM A CRUCIBLE, TO CAST A SOUVENIR OF HIS VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.

During recent excavations in the Norman church of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, was found a leaden cross (6 in. by 51-8 in.) inscribed (in Latin): "On the 11th of March, 1063, departed out of this life Wulfmaeg, sister of Wulfric the Abbot." Wulfmaeg, whose name was not previously known, is mentioned in Gocelin's "History of the Translation of St. Augustine and His Companions" as a woman of great piety and a figure in a miraculous story of the Virgin.—The above photograph of the Japanese war-ship "Katori," which brought the Prince Regent to England, being "scrapped," recalls the similar scenes



A FLEMISH "OLD MASTER" BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA AT MELBOURNE: HANS MEMLING'S "PIETA," PLACED ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

aboard H.M.S. "Lion," Admiral Beatty's flag-ship at Jutland, published in our last issue.—During his visit to Sheffield on April 10, the Duke of York spent some time at the Rutland Works of Messrs. Samuel Osborn and Co., Ltd., steel founders, where he took part personally in making a small cast as a souvenir of the occasion.—Hans Memling's "Pieta," a very early work of that fifteenth-century Flemish master, has been bought from Messrs. Agnew under the Felton Bequest, for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, and placed on exhibition for a time at the National Gallery in London.

"BLACK & WHITE"



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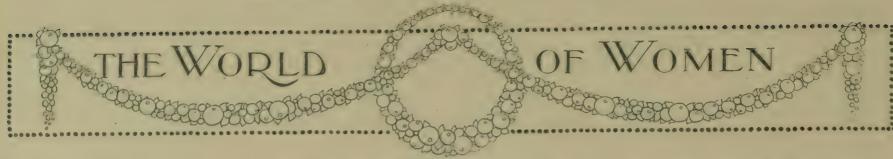
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JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies, are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding the largest stocks of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1



ALL members of our world welcome the postponement of the Prince of Wales's visit to South Africa. His Royal Highness's absence in the year of the great British Empire Exhibition was the one thing we all deplored. The Prince, who from the first has shown such an interest in the exhibition, will be there to receive the King and Queen when his Majesty opens it, and will be with us through a season which promises to be exceptionally brilliant. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, says the old proverb, and South Africa's loss is very much our gain. The Governor-General and Princess Alice will be sorry, for the Prince of Wales is a great friend of theirs, and we shall welcome Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge here, if as seems likely, they come for part of the season. Lady May would be in time for one of the June Courts. I hear from friends in Biarritz that the Prince of Wales has become popular there as everywhere, and that he has enjoyed the sunshine and sea breezes, and been as little inconvenienced by admiring crowds as he could be They were rather persevering at first, anywhere. but when the Prince's wish for quiet was generally known it was fairly well respected.

The Duke and Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught dined with Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard, and were at a small dance afterwards in their fine house, 108, Lancaster Gate, the ball-room of which has recently been redecorated in a charming and rather original way characteristic

of its clever proprietress. Lady Massereene is never

bound by convention either in dress or

surroundings. The dance was given for Miss Celia d'Anyers Willis, nicce of Lord

Massereene, whose second sister married

Mr. Richard Atherton d'Anyers Willis, of

Halsnead Park, Lancashire, and the elder

of their two daughters is a débutante this season. It was a small dance, but very cheery. The Duke and Duchess of York, who are going to Northern Ireland in July, met some Northern Irish people, of whom their host and hostess are important examples. Lord Massereene is a grandson of that fine sportsman and author, Major George John Whyte-Melville.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. M. Worsley had a churchful of friends at their marriage in St. George's, Hanover Square. The old church was gay with bright yellow and red tulips and daffodils, and the bridesmaids were in yellow and brown. The bride, who is tall, wore a beautiful dress of silver brocade with a train of old family lace. Lord Wyfold gave his daughter away, and his soldier and sailor sons were present. The eldest, who won his M.V.O. and D.S.O., married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming, at whose house, 37, Grosvenor Square, full of beautiful things, the reception was held; and the two little daughters of the Hon. Rowland and Mrs. Hermon Hodge, Charmian and Valentine—as pretty as their names-acted as train-bearers.

We need no proof that in some of what we incline to consider essentially feminine industries men can meet us and sometimes beat us. There were fine examples of skill in embroidery at the exhibition held at Mr. and Lady Mary Morrison's fine house, 9, Halkin Street, in aid of absolutely destitute infants. Viscount Ennismore was responsible for a beautifully worked screen in petit-point. He is a soldier who served in

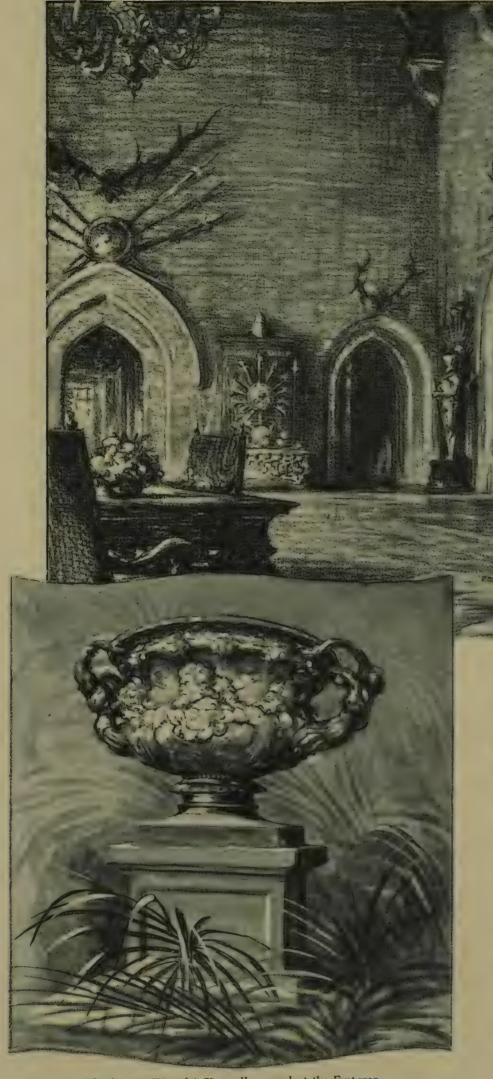
the South African War and the Great War, and yet sets himself patiently to embroider a screen in a way that any woman would be proud to have accomplished. Lord Gainford and Lord Carmichael also showed fine examples of petit-point, the needlework which seems to make the surest appeal to

men. Our disabled ex-Service men love doing it, and are experts at it. Mr. Edward Lister, Mr. Harry Hoare, and Mr. Hubert Astley also showed their work; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who is a man of many parts, has designed for and taught disabled ex-Service men needlework.

Lady Patricia Ramsay opened the exhibition one day, and Mrs. Frank Kellogg, wife of the American Ambassador, another. Lady Patricia had in the exhibition a finely executed piece of embroidery of original and beautiful design. She has now taken quite seriously to painting, and devotes much time and study to that art. Wearing a chestnut-brown brocaded marocain coat and skirt, a Russian sable tie, and a small brown silk bell-shaped hat, with flat rosettes all over the crown of pale and dark-brown silk, Lady Patricia looked very handsome, and declared the exhibition open in her own charming, natural way, which makes people think that the things she really enjoys most are such little ceremonies. Lady Hylton, who is an expert embroiderer and a designer, received Lady Patricia, and was wearing a black dress with relief of purple, and a black hat. Her pretty daughter, the Hon. Betty Jolliffe, was wearing a pearl-grey ribbed skirt and a jade-green jumper. She is a débutante of this year. The Countess of Bective, erect, stately, and picturesque as ever, was there with her daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck, who wore a coat of golden-brown knitted silk, the stitch an effective and unusual one, over a skirt the same colour. The coat was trimmed with golden beaver fur, and a black hat was worn. The Duchess of Wellington looked in, as did Katharine Duchess of Westminster and the Dowager Marchioness of Bristol. Lady Ottoline Morrell, step-sister of the Duke of Portland, and a very clever embroideress and designer, wore a flame-coloured duvetyn cloak trimmed with kolinsky fur over a dark dress. There were a large number of distinguished people at the opening, and all were astonished at the beauty, variety, and excellence of the work. There was a



A quartette of fascinating spring models which hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. Russian darned work in artistic colourings makes the jumper on the extreme left; the sports coat is of soft white wool embroidered in a Roumanian design; and the two-piece frock is of rust bouclette bordered with multi-coloured woollen flowers. On the right is a waistcoat, scarf, and cap of white wool, embroidered in effective tapestry colourings. (See page 714.)



The famous Warwick Vase, discovered at the Emperor Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli in Italy. A magnificent specimen in white marble of the best period of Grecian Art.



By Appointment.

A History in Stone

o interwoven is the tale of Warwick Castle with English history and the lives of the old nobility, that the fabric may well be described as a graven record of feudal times. From the Conqueror's days the castle has been a stronghold held by noble families renowned in our annals: Beaumonts, Beauchamps, Plantagenets, Dudleys, Nevilles, in turn built, rebuilt and added to the strength of the structure, happily always with an eye to architectural harmony. Particularly fine examples of constructive skill are the oldest portions, the 14th century Guy's Tower and Cæsar's Tower, while the interior almost surpasses the exterior in antiquarian interest and mediæval picturesqueness. The view of the Great Hall, rich in its collection of arms, armour and ancient relics, recalls memories of Piers Gaveston, infamous favourite of Edward II., here tried and sentenced to death by England's premier peers in 1312 A.D.

In the transition of design through many styles from rugged stonework to delicate tracery, Warwick Castle furnishes proof that age brings refinement. This truth is also evident with John Haig Scots Whisky, produced by the oldest distillers in the world—1627. Here is unimpeachable quality only attained by centuries of experienced production.

John Haig?

THE DECADENCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Continued from Page 692.)

city was necessary and that new city could only arise in the East, where absolute monarchy with a religious character had always been the national form of government

The first real dynasty which governed a part of Europe with all the Asiatic pomp was that of



MORE THAN DOUBLE HIS WEIGHT SINCE HIS ARRIVAL LAST NOVEMBER: PERCY, THE YOUNG PIGMY HIPPO AT THE "ZOO," REGISTERING 98 LB.

Constantine. Constantinople was the new city which that dynasty built, ornamented, and developed to serve as its seat of government and its throne. That is why it is not an exaggeration to say that all the kings and emperors who have reigned over Europe came from Constantinople. All the enlightened spirits of the Middle Ages who wished to restore order in the anarchy of their epoch by means of a strong political power, turned their eyes towards the

Bosphorus. It was the notitia dignitatum which served as a model, long after the collapse of the Eastern Empire and beginning with the seventeenth century, for the organisation of the great monarchies of Continental Europe.

Now that the whole monarchical system of Europe is dislocated, Constantinople also is under an eclipse, as if her fate were bound up with the system which was born with her.

It is therefore not surprising that the fate of Constantinople should be shared to-day by a much more recent city, but whose history presents several curious analogies with her own. St. Petersburg was also created out of nothing by a despot who wished, for political reasons, to displace the geographical centre of his Empire, and at the same time to escape from the traditional influences emanating from the old walls of a capital which had become too ancient. Her rôle also appears to be finished to-day, like that of Constantinople, in the crisis of the monarchical system.

Grandeur and decadence; these two words are inseparable from all human power. States are formed, empires are extended, civilisations are organised and developed. Great cities are at the same time the heads and living expressions of these states, empires, and civilisations. They all indulge in the illusion that they are eternal: but all alike, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Thebes, Corinth, Syracuse, Carthage, Athens, Sparta, Rome, Venice, at a given moment are struck down. Some are born again and begin their existence afresh; some perish for ever. Sooner or later their dry bones become the prey of nomads and barbarians, before the archæologists have their day. ruins of those which disappear, by the side of those which decline, other cities develop and prosper, the expression of new active forces and new inevitable necessities. Where will the new centres of the world arise? What obscure or already celebrated cities will profit to-day

by the decadence of those which history has abandoned, leaving them only the painful burden of great memories? That is one of the numerous mysteries of this moment, when humanity seems to be occupied in remoulding nearly all the states of the world. To-day, as always, the destiny of all cities, those which decline and those which rise up, is interwoven with the fate of the directing forces of states and civilisations. Great cities grow up and prosper in the places where those forces are organised to exercise their functions; they decline when those forces are weakened.

As the directing forces of states and civilisations are to-day disturbed everywhere by great confusion and contradictory movements, the fate of those cities is also in the hands of a capricious destiny. But that capricious destiny will gradually reveal its designs, as little by little the remoulding of the world is accomplished and the present unrest is replaced by definite stabilities. This will in time be accomplished by the force of human vitality.



NOW TEETHING, AND CAUSING SOME ANXIETY AS TO HIS HEALTH: PERCY TAKING A FEED OF "SLOPS" FROM HIS KEEPER AT THE "ZOO."

Percy is the baby Pigmy Hippopotamus whose arrival at the "Zoo" from Liberia (the West African Negro Republic) caused great interest last November, when he was described as about six months old and the youngest of his kind ever seen in England. Only two other specimens had previously been known here. Illustrations of Percy appeared in our issue of November 17. He then weighed only about 40 lb., but recently he registered 98 lb. He has lately been teething, and has had to be fed on slops, his condition causing some anxiety.—[Photographs by Photopress.]

CHOICE MODERN CONTINENTAL PICTURES

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ERNEST RUFFER, Esq.,

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La Bûcheronne, by N. Diaz.



Le Coup de Vent, by J. F. Millet.

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Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON & WOODS,

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On FRIDAY, MAY 9th, 1924.









TIME.... The moving finger writes, and—pauses.... The flame of life flickers for a moment—only to burn the more steadily.... or to sink? It depends upon the care which is taken.

As at every other cross-road of life's highway, Horlick's Malted Milk is invaluable here. It gives wonderful nourishment without taxing the digestion. It is a rich, delicious combination of the choice extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk. It builds body, brain and nerve. Served in most restaurants and cafés of standing.



At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6, and 15/-. A liberal sample for testing will be sent you for 3d. in stamps. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

Fashions and Fancies.

The Russian Influence in Knitted Suits.

Embroideries from Russia and Roumania are used to decorate the newest knitted suits and jumpers, and the results are astonishingly effective. A long Russian tunic of rust bouclette, reaching to the knees, is bordered



The abrupt changes of the fichle April weather have no ill effect on the complexion when it is protected by Lait La-rola.

with quaint multi-coloured flowers thrown into strong relief against an edging of dark navy-blue. The suit is completed by a skirt mounted on silk, and is pictured on page 710, accompanying other fascinating novelties of the same genre which hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The price is $8\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. On the extreme left is a

captivating jumper of Russian darned work in a medley of beautiful colours embroidered all over on thin netting. It can be obtained in soft shades, or in the brightest of gay hues, and is priced at 5½ guineas. An irresistible affair for sports wear is the white woollen coat worked in true tapestry cross-stitch, expressed in striking Roumanian designs and colourings. Another attractive suit is of white artificial silk, worn with the sleeveless bolero of the Russian peasant, carried out in soft chenille of a contrasting colour.

Yet another happy inspiration from Debenham and Freebody's Waistcoats and Caps. is the alliance of a waistcoat, cap and scarf (pictured on the same page), made of white wool embroidered in a tapestry design introducing soft colourings. This may be worn with any knitted suit, and is obtainable in several colour schemes: 57s. 6d. is the price of the waistcoat; 37s. 6d. the hat; and 32s. 6d. the scarf. Then there are coats and jumpers of lace alpaca wool, handembroidered in wonderful colours, for 5 guineas each; and graceful bouclette jumper suits, embroidered in contrasting colours and edged with sheared marabout (a fascinating new idea), for 7½ guineas. Sports suits in pure wool, and silk and wool, are obtainable for the same amount, in two sizes; and useful little house coats for afternoon or evening wear, in stamped artificial silk, can be secured for 84s. in any colour.

However pleasant and healthy A Clear long days in the country and Complexion. energetic hours of sport may be, they certainly have devastating effects on the complexion unless due precautions are taken. Delicate skins must have protection against the sun and wind, while less perfect complexions need to be softened and smootlied by some healing emollient. In either case, an effective remedy lies in using Beetham's Lait La-rola, which tones up the deeper tissues of the skin and safeguards the complexion from every ill. It should be gently mas-saged into the skin before motoring or any outdoor sport, and used regularly each night. Obtainable from all chemists in 1s. 6d. bottles, Lait La-rola is an indispensable item of the holiday equipment.

The Care of the Hair.

Falling hair and a general dullness of appearance is often the result of an insufficient quantity of affairs, but one that can be easily remedied

at home by massaging the head regularly with Rowlands' Macassar Oil, which penetrates to the roots, and keeps the scalp in a healthy condition. Furthermore, it imparts the much-desired glossy sheen to the hair, and promotes its growth at the same time. Rowlands' Macassar Oil may be obtained from all chemists and stores of prestige, contained in 3s. 6d., 7s., 1os. 6d., or 21s. bottles. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, however, application should be made direct to Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.



The modern Godiva keeps her tresses beautiful with the aid of Rowlands' Macassar Oil.

Novelty of the Week.

Well-tailored sports skirts of hop-sack, panelled and pleated, are obtainable for 5s, 9d. in many useful to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the shop whence they may be obtained.

The Cheapest & best way to cut your lawns

is with a 'GOVERNOR' Patent Motor Lawn Mower. This remarkable 22-in. machine is simplicity itself—a boy can quickly learn to operate it and with it can do as much work as would be done by a large horse-drawn machine in the same time. The saving of time and the upkeep of a horse alone enables the 'GOVERNOR' to pay for its first cost—in but one season.

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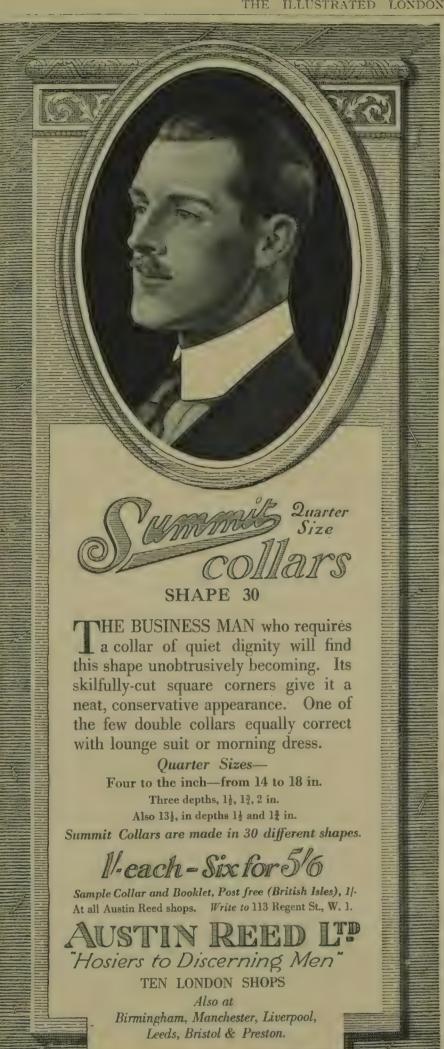
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"I love my home," says he; but only partly knows how his home-love was won, and kept. She knows, though!

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BYRON AND THE WEDDERBURNS.

(Continued from Page 688.)

The "last week" he had been staying at Aston Hall. The two sonnets to "Genevra" we know were addressed to her, as he called her by that name.

While Byron was at Aston Hall, Lady Catherine Annesley was staying with her sister; she afterwards married Lord John Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort. The Cosway picture, of which a photograph is given on page 689, is in the possession of the

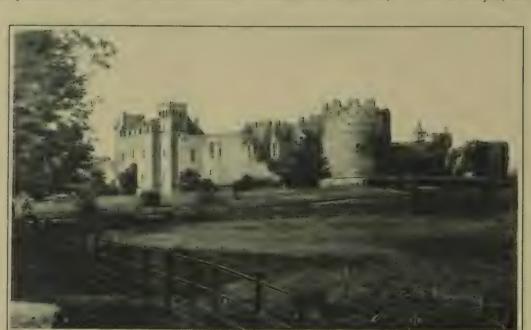
Somerset family. It depicts the Countess of Mountnorris (seated), Lady Catherine on her left, Lady Juliana (who afterwards married Mr. Bailey), at her mother's knee. Her son Henry and Lady Frances are standing at the right of the picture. These are all mentioned in the Byron journal and letters; also Lady Frances's half-brother, Viscount Valentia, who is not in the picture. In one of his later letters, Byron says: "Juliana (who was not yet 'out') will be 'very beautiful.'" Afterwards, saying that her début is imminent, he con-tinues: "She will prove the finest 'pearl of the spring,'" and another time, "they are all very handsome."

At Aston Hall, Byron, apparently to throw the "jaundiced" husband off the scent, said amiable things about Lady Catherine. "I told him that I rather admired the sister, and what does he but tell her this; and his wife too, who, a little too hastily, asked him 'if he was mad?' which put him to a demonstration that a man ought not to be asked if he was mad, for relating that a friend thought that his wife's sister was a pretty woman.

Upon this topic he held forth with great fervour for a customary period—I wish he had a quinsy!"

As Byron seems to have carefully inculcated the idea of Catherine in her brother-in-law's mind, he can hardly blame that gentleman for suggesting that

a marriage should take place between them, though he seems to have been very much irritated, as is seen in the following: "His marrying scheme, if premeditated, had been an excellent way of turning the tables; but it was done too abruptly and awkwardly to succeed—there was no foundation for his edifice, and if there had, I would have blown it about his ears. I prefer, if in the regular way, choosing my own moiety, though truth to tell, he recommended a woman of virtue; for I heard her say, 'that she never was in a warm bath in her life,' a



TO BE LET FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE "IMPLACABLE," THE LAST-SURVIVING TRAFALGAR PRIZE: CALDICOT CASTLE, A HISTORIC STRONGHOLD ON THE WELSH BORDER.

Mr. G. Wheatly Cobb, the owner of Caldicot Castle, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, is letting it furnished for £300 per annum for three years, to enable him to preserve the "Implacable" (formerly "Foudroyant"), "the last-surviving Trafalgar prize, the oldest ship afteat in the world." She is the last of the 38-gun frigates, and has lain in Falmouth Harbour for twenty-six years as a training-ship for boys. Of Caldicot Castle Mr. Cobb writes: "No tenant will love this place as I do, but he will maintain it and it will not suffer. If I fail the 'Implacable,' she will be broken up in three months." The castle, a magnificent example of mediæval masonry, was held by the High Constables of England, and was partly built for Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester (1355-97), son of Edward III.—[Photograph supplied by Harrods.]

certain sign that the care of your truly good woman is always confined to her soul." It may be seen from this, as we always knew, that baths were hardly as universal in those days as they are now!

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that

after 1813 Byron's references to my grandfather are somewhat acrimonious. Before this, his letters to James Wedderburn and the allusions to him were very cordial; witness in 1811: "I do very sincerely wish you well." "If I can serve you in any way, command me." "Mio caro W." "You are just the same generous, and I fear careless, gentleman of the year of indifferent memory 1806." In this same year he had a somewhat amusing quarrel with his friend about a coach; but, after lengthy epistles on the subject, the matter seems to have been settled.

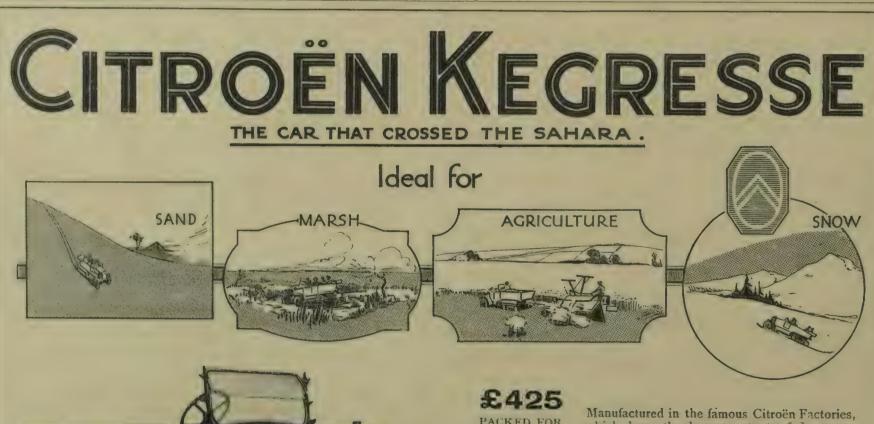
In 1813 for a time his adjectives were contemptuous! After a year or two, we again find all the old cordiality and most friendly anxiety to help in family difficulties': even in1814 he ended a letter "Yours very affectionately." In 1815 he was godfather to one of my uncles (Charles Byron).

That James was not such a "poor thing" as one might be led to believe by reading the letters of this hectic period, I think can be proved by his many interests and writings.

In the Farington Diary, recently published, is a reference to James having won a wager over a long-distance ride which he undertook. As to his actual character, it is very difficult to come to any decided opinion. He died (1840) when my father was a child, and I, by many years the youngest of my family, never knew my father to speak to, nor anyone who could have told me about my grandfather.

Byron remained in friendly intercourse with James Wedderburn nearly up to the time of his (Byron's) death. I think one may sum up the matter in the way that so many friend ships must be judged — that

these two men enjoyed a fairly intimate friendship through a long course of years, broken, occasionally, as many friendships are, by squabbles over money, jealousy, and absence; but undoubtedly there was sometimes real affection.





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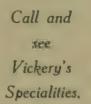
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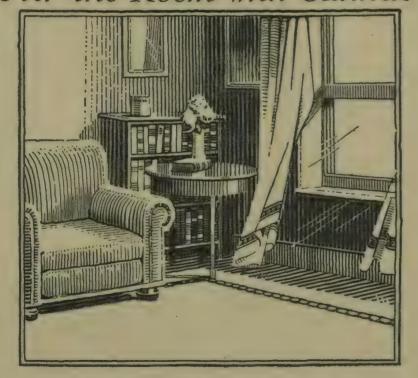
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RADIO NOTES.

IF all goes well, the King's voice will be heard by many thousands of his subjects for the first time on Wednesday next, when his Majesty opens the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The speech will be transmitted simultaneously by all of the British Broadcasting stations for reception in homes in all parts of the country. Loud-speakers installed in numerous cities and towns will convey his Majesty's words to many of the public who, in addition to hearing the King's voice, may experience listening to broadcasts for the first time.

The speech will be intercepted by near-by microphones connected to the London Broadcasting Station, 2LO," by ordinary telephone lines, and conveyed from "2LO" by other lines for simultaneous broadcasting from all stations. A direct audience of about 25,000 people will be present in the Stadium at Wembley, and these will hear the King's speech issuing from "bouquets" of loud-speakers fitted at intervals around the walls of the Stadium. In the Stadium, the audience will hear the speech, not by radio broadcasting, but by the "public address" system installed by the Western Electric Company, Ltd.-a system which was illustrated and described in these pages some months ago. As arranged at present, the opening ceremony will commence at 10.30 a.m. on April 23, with a musical programme by massed bands, and a choir conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. Upon the King's arrival, the royal salute will be given, followed by the National Anthem; shortly after which the King's speech will be delivered. To be sure of receiving this historic broadcast to the best advantage, we suggest that our readers should go over their sets and make all connections clean and tight. The ends of the aerial and earth wires should be scraped where they connect to the terminals. Crystal detectors may often be improved by pricking the surface of the crystal with a penknife, and by trimming the "cat's-whisker" wire to a fine new point, by cutting the wire on the slant with scissors. Valveset owners should see that accumulators or drybatteries are up to strength, and that the terminals and wire connections are not corroded.

On the occasion of the American broadcast relayed from all British stations, between one and two a.m. on Sunday April 6, the items transmitted were from a public performance taking place in Wanamaker Hall, New York—connected by telephone lines to "WJZ" broadcasting station at Schenectady, which is some considerable distance from New York. At times the organ



BROADCASTING AS AN EDUCATIONAL MEDIUM: A NATURAL HISTORY LESSON BY RADIO.

Many schools are now equipped with broadcast receiving-apparatus, and the B.B.C transmits a series of interesting talks of an educational nature, every Friday afternoon, for the benefit of young scholars. The first lesson, dealing with music, was given by Sir Henry Walford Davies; and the second, which took place last Friday, was delivered by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, who dealt with the interesting subject of Natural History.

Photograph by Photopress.

solos and other musical numbers came through quite clearly, but speech by the announcer was distorted most of the time. More than once the writer was able to distinguish the words "Station WJZee" (WJZ); and the announcement of a work "by Rubinstein," came out quite clearly. What was most thrilling, possibly, to many listeners in Great Britain was the loud applause by hand-clapping of the audience in

Wanamaker Hall. Over in New York, between 8 and 9 p.m., citizens sat enjoying their Saturday night concert. British listeners over here, three thousand miles away, could hear simultaneously this New York concert, together with the applause. And that concert in New York could be heard here, after picking up by the B.B.C., by means of a simple crystal set connected to an indoor aerial consisting of a single wire running along the wall of a suburban house, the earth connection being made to a gas-pipe.

On the eve of the establishment of broadcasting in Great Britain, Senatore Marconi declared that it was his belief and hope that the latest popular development of the principles of his invention might benefit the public at large by providing every home in the land with a new medium for education and entertainment. Since then, the "Marconiphone V.2" has come to the forefront as one of the most powerful and efficient broadcast receivers of its class; utilising two valves only, but securing a degree of range, clearness, and tonal purity usually obtainable with not less than three valves. With the "Marconiphone V.2," many users have reported receiving America direct; others have received " 2LO," London, from places as far distant as Copenhagen, Geneva, and Christiania. From the popular point of view, the cost of a two-valve set has up to now discouraged those of small means from buying anything more ambitious than a crystal set. Consequently the Marconiphone Company has introduced the innovation of offering the "V.2" to the public on easy-payment terms if desired. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Marconi House,

Another famous broadcast receiving-set, the "Ethophone V.," may also be acquired by instalments by those who may prefer to "buy out of income." The instrument, which will receive all B.B.C. and other long-distance stations, is a tuner, receiver, and power amplifier, all self-contained with four valves in a single cabinet. The makers, Burndept, Ltd., Aldine House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2, will be pleased to send further particulars to anyone who applies. W. H. S.

O. HAUSER, Proprietor.

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WORLD

Mankind throughout the centuries has never known a spectacle so wonderful. You will wander at your will in the magnificent Palaces of Industry and Engineering. Towers and pinnacles, domes and minarets, proclaim the range and splendour of our Commonwealth of Nations.

Designed to delight the eye, the British Empire Exhibition has a definite national purpose—to demonstrate to the ends of the earth what British skill and enterprise can achieve.

At Wembley the trader will increase his trade, the student his knowledge, the holiday-maker his pleasure.

The spacious Stadium, the music, the illuminated lakes, the glorious gardens, the broad highways, the Amusement Park of a thousand thrills—these are but a tithe of the triumphs that make Wembley the event of a lifetime.

H.M. the King will proclaim the Gate

—wide open at Wembley

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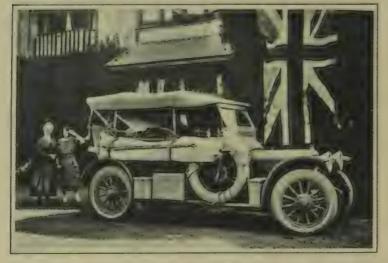
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

War Office Trials Recently exhaustive trials were carried out by the War Office of at Aldershot.

at Aldershot. one of the two six-wheeler Renault cars which lately crossed the Sahara from Touggourt The car was brought over from



STILL DOING STRENUOUS WORK IN NEW ZEALAND: A 1911 SUNBEAM.

on a flying visit at the special request of the War Office, and the tests were made by M. Charles Liccourt, the driver who actually made the desert dash in the record time of six days. Colonel Foster, Chief Inspector of Mechanical Transport, attended, as well as representatives of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa

Two trials were made, the first on Pitfold Hill, Hindhead. The car has two driving axles, six double wheels with pneumatic tyres, and is 13.9-h.p. Carrying eight passengers, it ascended a 1-in-4½ gradient at Pitfold on a slippery clay surface with ease at a high speed. It also carried out a speed test at Hindhead to the complete satisfaction of the examining officials. At Aldershot the tests were made during a tank and aeroplane attack on the tank course in the Long Valley. Here the Renault "six roux" succeeded in climbing a rough, stubble-covered hill, with a 1-in-3 gradient, and carried out a variety of sensational manœuvres on the sand-dunes and scrub hillocks. At the conclusion

of the trial, an official of the War Office expressed his complete satisfaction with the Sahara car, and stated that it was a great improvement on both the tractor and the tank. Owing to the combination of the special double gearing and the twelve tyres, it would have a much longer life, and the simplicity of design would obviate repair and other technical problems

during work on very rough country. A regular passenger service of these cars is now in operation on the Sahara route established by M. Charles Liccourt's memorable drive.

> Holland as Motoring in touring country Holland. is becoming

more popular each year, and the Automobile Association therefore announces that-by special arrangement-members wishing to motor there can do so on a modified system of freight charges and

fares, by utilising the Folkestone-Flushing daily service of boats.

Motor - cars or motor-cycles, with or without sidecars, are carried on the passenger boats. Special

freight vouchers and passenger tickets to Flushing and back, available for eight or fourteen days, can be issued by the A.A. at ordinary single rates. Customs papers and temporary driving permits are supplied. All arrangements are made before the member leaves England— no trouble will be experienced on the other side. The charge for a motor-car with wheelbase not exceeding 11 ft., from Folkestone to Flushing and back, is £6; for cars with wheelbase exceeding 11 ft., £7. For motor - cycles, the charge for the double journey will be 15s.; for a motor - cycle combination, £1 10s. The cost of an eight-day first-class return ticket on boat is £1 15s.; fourteen-day ticket is £2 12s. 6d.

The motorist of some years' Comprehensive
Motorists' Guide.

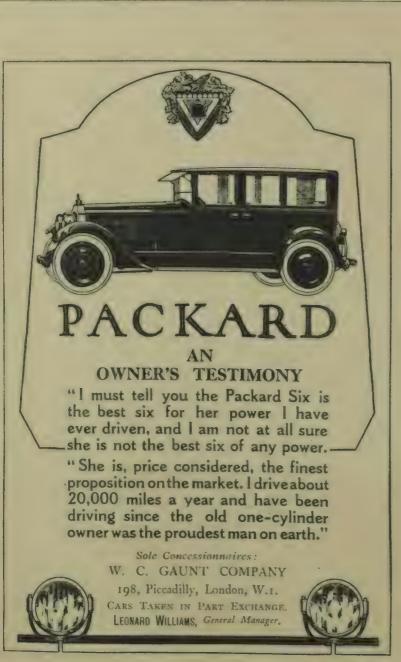
standing has usually a fairly considerable library of guide-books and maps, and his knowledge of

the roads of the country supplements the printed information. Yet the time comes when he wants to make a journey into the unknown country upon which none of his guide-books is very precise, and for parts of which he has no road maps. He is then just as much at sea as the veriest novice, and has to trust to luck to find the way, with, probably, serious delays on the road owing to wrong turnings. But a book has just been published which renders the whole of his library obsolete, so far as England and Wales is concerned, and makes it as easy for the absolute novice to find his way in a strange district as for an expert on his native heath. This book is the "N.G.L. ("Never-Get-Lost") Road Guide," published at 12s. 6d. by the Pyramid Press, 8, Breams Buildings, E.C. It is the most comprehensive guidebook existing in regard to the special information required by motorists; but its great claim to attention is the absolute simplicity and infallibility with which [Continued overleaf.



IN THE 30-98-H.P. VAUXHALL IN WHICH THEY RECENTLY BEAT THE RECORD FOR THE 3000-MILE RUN BETWEEN FREMANTLE AND SYDNEY: MR. J. BURTON AND MR. W. BRADLEY.

The record for the Fremantle-Sydney journey of some 3000 miles, much of it over the roughest of roads, was beaten by Messrs. Burton and Bradley in this Vauxhall car, by one day and 16 hours.





The Daintiest Car on the Road



HE 10 h.p. SWIFT 3-Coupé Cahriolet made her bow to the public at Olympia in November last, and was promptly acclaimed Queen of the Show. Her equal had never before been seen and thousands paid court to her. The ladies were charmed with her, and "inere man" was captivated by

her grace and elegance.

If you have not seen her, and desire to test the accuracy of these statements, just tear out this announcement, write your name and address on it and post it to us. We'll introduce her to you, and if you fail to fall a victim to her many charms, you'll prove an exception to our general experience.

PRICES.

10 h.p. ³/₄-Coupé Cabriolet -10 h.p. 2-Seater, with Dickey or "Chummy" Model

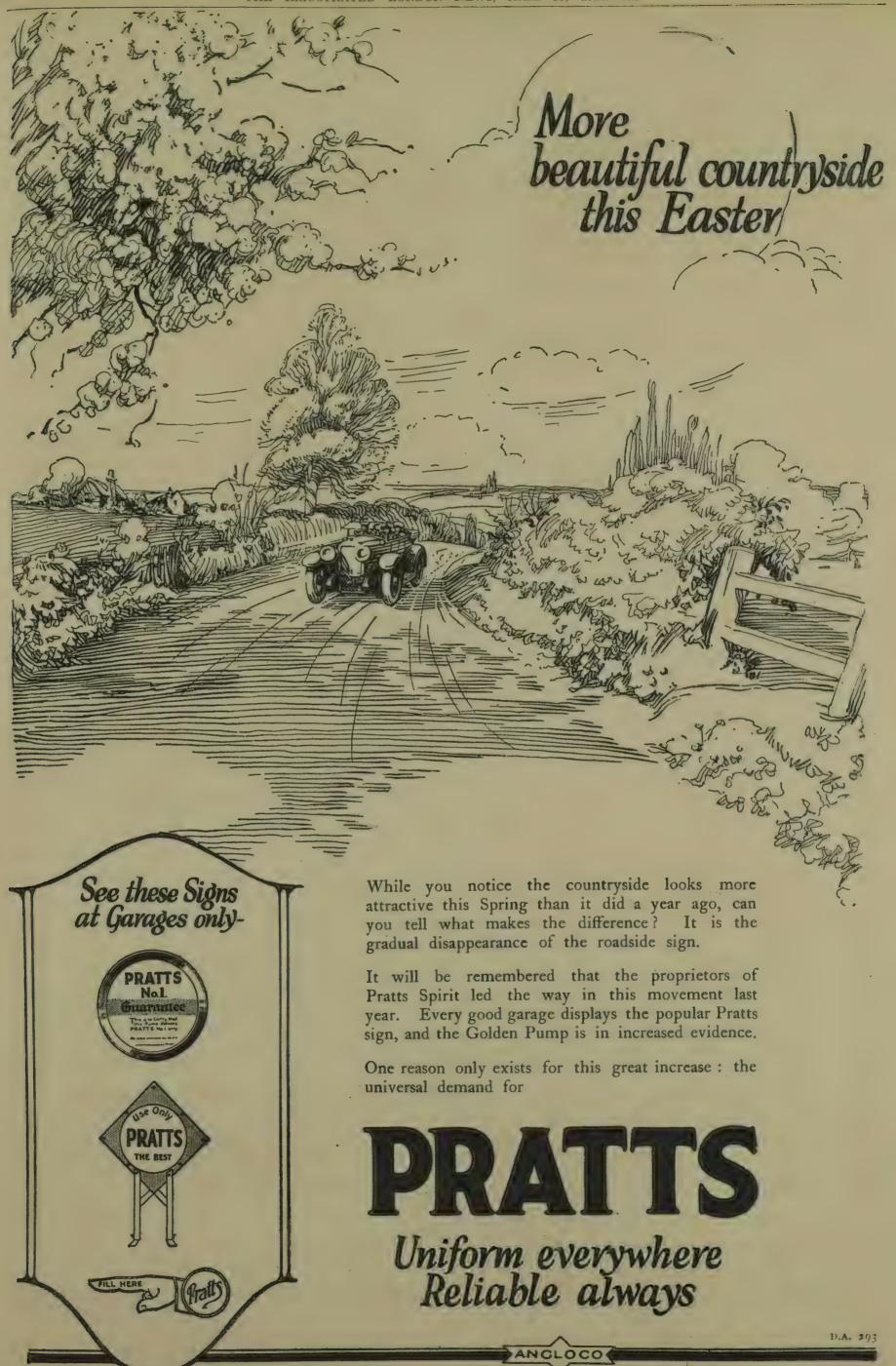


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If you require a more powerful closed car you will find three of our 12 h.p. models illustrated in our Art Catalogue, fitted with Coupe and Saloon Bodies.

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the most complicated route can be traced in a minimum of time.

Deer-Stalking with a 1911 Sunbeam.

British car is something to marvel at, and in

many parts of the world cars are met with which have been in regular use for exceptionally long periods, and are still running as well as ever. The Sunbeam is a typical example of what a really good car will give in the way of long service, and a letter recently to hand from a New Zealand motorist is worth quoting; not that it is an unusual instance of Sunbeam reliability, but simply because it furnishes further proof of the wisdom of buying a good car in the first place, rather than a low-priced vehicle. The particular Sunbeam car which this New Zealand motorist possesses is a 1911 model. Since then it has been in steady use, in the roughest of country. The photograph reproduced on page 720 shows it on a deer-stalking trip, when, with 7 cwt. of luggage in addition to three passengers, it covered over 700 miles without a single involuntary stop. During this trip, the famous Lindis Pass, in the South Island, was traversed without the slightest trouble; and a second trip of similar mileage, and over equally rough country, with a tremendous load of luggage, has been undertaken with the same absence of trouble. After such a performance, with a twelve-year-old car, it can well be imagined why this particular motorist has definitely decided that when he does find it necessary to buy a new car, it will be a Sunbeam.

The progressive firm of Messrs. Electrical Rotax (Motor Accessories), Ltd., are still on the progressive move to provide service to

the users of their lighting and start-

ing equipment by appointing the

The reliability of the high-grade

firm of Messrs. E. Beckwith and Co., 110, North Street, Barking, to act for them as their service agents for the district of East London

and Romford. There the motorist will be able to obtain all the usual repair assistance in connection with Rotax electrical equipment, and also Messrs. Beckwith will be able to

supply various new Rotax components from stock, and they will have skilled labour on the premises. Service to the motorist is everything nowadays, and those firms who earliest realise that their duty to their customers does not end with the sale of a car or an accessory are likely to live longest in the land, and to prosper exceedingly.

Sir James Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," is to be "put on" at the Market Hall, Redhill, for four nights, commencing from April 30, by the talented band of local amateurs who presented "Tilly of Bloomsbury" and "Billeted" in previous years. The box-office at the Hall opens on April 23, but those who would like the business manager, Mr. Stephen D. Myers, to book tickets for them, should write to him well before that date to Dilkoosha, Reigate. The entire profits go to the East Surrey Hospital.

Conducted tours to and through Canada are described in an illustrated programme just issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The tours are for twenty-six days, four weeks, and seven weeks. The first tour includes visits to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, and the Niagara Falls. The four weeks' tour, in addition, embraces the journey across the Great Lakes to Fort William, while the seven weeks tour, after leaving Fort William, takes the traveller across the prairies and through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, where Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, are visited. The programme may be obtained post free on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62 - 65, Charing Cross; S.W.I.



THE "R 38" MEMORIAL AT HULL: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR VYELL VYVYAN.

The memorial to the forty-four officers and men of the Royal Air Force and of the United States Navy, and others, lost in the airship "R 38" when she fell into the Humber estuary on August 24, 1921, was unveiled on April 11, in the Western Cemetery at Hull, by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, K.C.B., Air Officer Commanding Coastal Area, R.A.F. The dedication was performed by the Bishop of Hull, assisted by the Chaplain-in-Chief to the R.A.F. (the Rev. H. D. L. Viener), and the Rev. W. Moffatt, Staff Chaplain. The monument is a Celtic cross of Portland stone, 18 ft. high, with plaques bearing the names of the victims, and a central bronze with an inscription recording the disaster.

Photograph by Central Press.

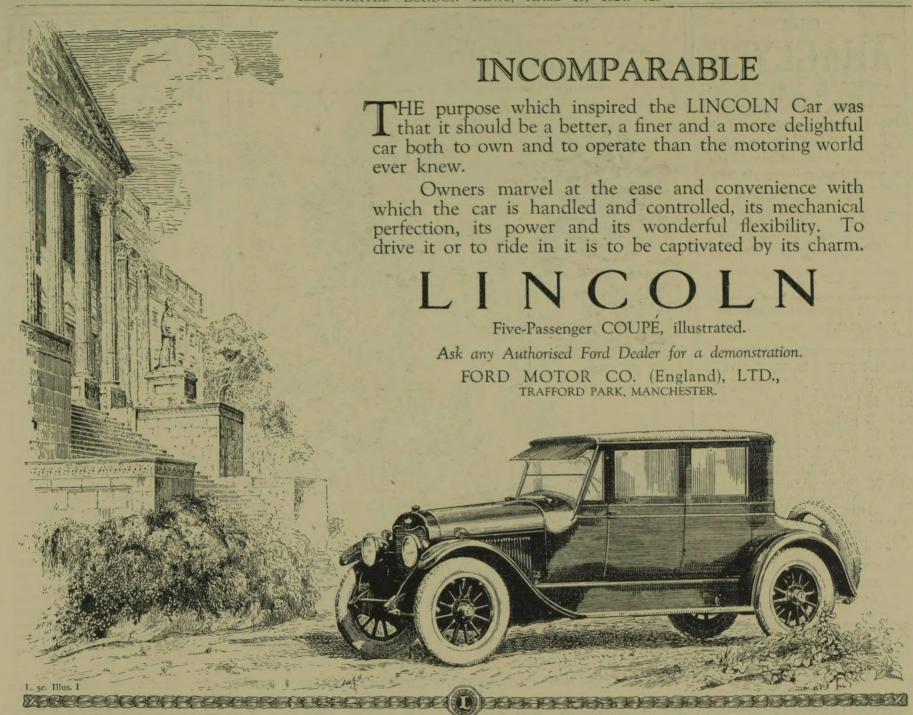
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Before you retire to rest, slightly warm the Germolene tin. and gently massage a little Germolene into the pores with the tips of the fingers. Wash next morning with Germolene Aseptic Soap, obtainable at all chemists. A week of this treatment will render your skin beautifully soft and healthy.

Splendid also for all skin ailments, including eczema and eczematous rashes, children's skin troubles, and for domestic

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THE remarkable Public Interest which has been aroused amongst readers of The Illustrated London News in the "bobbing craze" has drawn intense attention to the question of hair health in general, and to the vital importance of preventing such evils as Scurf and Dandruff, Thinning, Falling, Splitting Hairs, Loss of Colour and Lustre, and, naturally, how it is possible to avoid the greatest tragedy of all—that of Baldness.

It is quite true that, to-day, the man or woman afflicted with baldness is most severely handicapped in life's struggle. On the other hand, to be able to display a beautiful head of naturally wavy hair, glowing with lustre and "life," is to assert one's own health and vitality in all the affairs of existence, business, professional and social. It is to point the way to hair health

to millions of men and women that Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, makes his wonderful offer of Hair Toilet Outfits absolutely free to readers. Read also of the 100 guineas awarded by Mr. Edwards for the best opinions for and against "bobbing" and "shingling"

Everybody at present is interested in the great questions of "bobbing" and "shingling." You are interested, naturally, for any question that calls attention to the importance of Hair Health is indeed a most essential one.

In order to settle the question once and for all for everybody concerned, Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal Hair Specialist, offers a most magnificent and expensive FREE GIFT of special parcels—each containing a complete Hair Growing and Hair Maintenance Outfit—to every reader of these columns. He also offers prizes amounting to 100 guineas for your opinion on whether "to bob or not to bob"—"to shingle or not to shingle." There are no conditions of any kind—nor need you make any purchase or bind yourself to

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is how to strengthen and maintain the health of the hair after it has been "bobbed." Mr. Edwards' Free Gift Parcels, offered to all readers, will enable you to do this without preliminary expense to yourself. Send the coupon To-day.

Special Notice to the Grey-Haired



If your hair is Grey. Faded or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound" Astol, a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of eharge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Hariene-Hair-Drill" parcel—ic., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



LET'S HAVE HAIR HEALTH FIRST!

Mr. Edwards says: "Whatever one may think of the new popular styles of hair-dressing one thing is quite clear. It is impossible to do justice to your hair by any process of cutting, waving, curling, or shingling unless the hair is healthy and strong, and capable of surviving the drastic treatment."

For instance, here are some very common hair troubles which it is imperative to remedy before

Mr. Edwards, who announces a magnanimous FREE GIFT of a further 1,000,000 complete Hair Health Parcels, offers, in addition, four prizes of 25 guineas each for the best opinions received from readers on:

- 1. Why Hair Should be "Bobbed."
- 2. Why Hair Should Not be "Bobbed."
- 3. Why Hair Should be "Shingled."
- 4. Why Hair Should Not be "Shingled."

There is no hurry to send in your effort. Send for the free gift parcel FIRST, and then you will benefit by the information and advice given and be better able to understand the "for and against" of "Bobbing" and "Shingling."

The Directors of Edwards' Harlene, Ltd. reserve the right to publish any of the winning letters and their decision is absolutely final land is a condition of entry. No correspondence can be

you can hope to gain in attractive-ness by cutting or shingling the hair:

- 1. Coarse or Weakening
- 2. Over-Dry or Over-Oily

FREE!

- 3. Brittleness or Splitting. 4. Hair Falling Out.

- 5. Faded, Lack Lustre Hair.
- 6. Patches and Partial Baldness.
- 7. Scurf and Dandruff.

This is the reason why Mr. Edwards offers his practical help to all concerned.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT

Do not forget; all you have to do is to send the Free Coupon printed here. By return you will receive your free parcel. Not only this, but after you have tested the free Outfit one of the substantial Cash Prizes may become your very own for the mere trouble of writing on a sheet of notepaper your opinion of the bobbing and shingling question.

The great thing to do is to write NOW—to send the coupon TO-DAY, while the matter is tresh in your mind and you have this paper before you.

your mind and you have this paper before you.

Each of the wonderful gift parcels contains:

I .- A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE." The Hair Food and Tonic with a reputation of upwards of forty years to prove its efficacy. It is used by leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Leaders of Society all over the World, and is the only Hair Food and Tonic which works Nature's Way.

2.—A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.

3.—A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "UZON," a high-class Brilliantine that gives to "Harlene-Drilled" Hair the radiant lustre of perfect health, and which is especially beneficial in those cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4.—THE SECRET MANUAL OF "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL," containing the discoverer's detailed instructions for the most effective method of carrying out the "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, as well as women, are invited to accept this

